

Southern Folklore Quarterly

VOLUME VII

DECEMBER, 1943

NUMBER 4

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE CLERGY TO FOLKLORE AND ALLIED FIELDS

by

Paul G. Brewster

Although many gentlemen of the cloth, ministers carrying on their pastoral work among people of their own race and nationality as well as missionaries striving to spread the Gospel among strange peoples in faraway parts of the world, live and die in ignorance of much of the folkways all about them, some have been interested (or have wisely developed an interest) in the more or less primitive customs and beliefs of those with whom their lot has been cast. In some instances, the minister or the missionary has had at least some scientific training before entering upon his present work;¹ in others, he is struck by some peculiar local tradition or custom, and, without at all realizing its possible significance to the folklorist, the anthropologist, or the ethnologist, proceeds to commit it to paper simply because he finds it interesting.

Missionaries, in particular, have made many distinct contributions to the science of linguistics through their works on native lan-

¹The importance of ethnology to the missionary was early recognized by those in charge of Catholic missionary activities; the opening article in the first volume of *Anthropos* is "Le rôle scientifique des missionnaires."

It is probably true that in the Scandinavian countries more confidence is placed in the clergy as collectors and more credit given their work than is the case elsewhere, and Sweden appears to take the lead in this respect. In 1555, Bishop Olaus Magnus completed his great *Historia de gentibus septentrionibus*, a work which, treating of industries, festivals, institutions, and customs, gives a remarkable picture of Swedish folk life at the close of the Middle Ages. Upon the creation of the Swedish College of Antiquities in 1630, its founder, Gustavus Adolphus, called upon the antiquarians of the kingdom to make a careful inventory of the traditional material of the provincial cultures. One of the groups most helpful in collecting this material was the parish clergy. Since then it has been customary in Sweden for the rural clergy to co-operate as fully as possible with the ethnologists and archaeologists. Frequently the theological students include ethnology among their studies, and much of the collecting of ethnographical material done during the 17th, 18th, and 19th centuries was the work of the clergy. When we remember that the priest knew personally every peasant in his parish and that he had the complete confidence of his parishioners, we can understand how valuable and how authoritative must have been the data submitted to the College by the parish clergy.

guage and dialects. Probably a majority of these studies have had their inception in a desire on the part of the writer both to facilitate his own intercourse with the natives among whom he is working and to lighten the labors of those who may follow him, but often there develops also a genuine interest in the subject for its own sake. Other missionaries have concerned themselves chiefly with native tales and have given us valuable collections of these. In some instances the tales were important to the collector not as tales but as an aid in learning the language or dialect in which they were told.² Native manners and customs and older religions now supplanted, or rapidly being supplanted, by Christianity have also found interpreters among members of the clergy as well as of the laity.

Of how much actual value are collections of this kind to the professional folklorist, anthropologist, or ethnologist, and what is his opinion regarding them? The answer to these questions depends largely, of course, upon the conscientiousness of the collector in describing accurately and in his ability to free himself from prejudice or preconceived notions. A tendency on his part to bowdlerize or to infuse into the texts a Christian tone entirely alien to them renders the material, no matter how valuable in itself, useless for scientific study.

Herskovits has in mind the latter tendency when he calls Nassau "a missionary whose biases are patent"³ and when he writes of another member of the group:

The writings of Weeks, an English missionary, can be used, but all caution must be allowed for obvious bias.⁴

A somewhat more charitable view is that taken by the late Truman Michelson:

... after all it is the business of missionaries "to save souls," not to conduct anthropological or linguistic researches. This is not to depreciate the efforts of missionaries on these last lines, for the ethnological studies

² We find Knowles, for example, writing in his *Folk Tales of Kashmir* (2d edition, London, 1893): "My primary object in collecting these tales was to obtain some knowledge of Kashmiri, which is a purely colloquial language; my secondary object was to ascertain something of the thoughts and ways of the people."

³ *The Myth of the Negro Past* (New York, 1941), p. 56.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 78.

of Gusinde and Junod alone would show what splendid work they can do.⁵

In general, the folklorist is less inclined to disparage the studies, and particularly the collections, of the missionary than is the anthropologist or the ethnologist, since the former is concerned chiefly with the texts themselves and, rightly or wrongly, takes into account only slightly the circumstance in which the tales are told and the songs sung. We need not, however, trouble ourselves here with the question of the general or the comparative importance of such studies and collections, since the purpose of this paper is not to evaluate but to enumerate and to comment briefly upon the work of a few of the better known clergymen and missionaries, both as collectors of traditional material and as transmitters of it in print.

AFRICA

For the Dark Continent we have the first Bishop of Kaffraria, Henry Callaway (*Nursery Tales, Traditions, & Histories of the Zulus*, Natal and London, 1868; *The Religious System of the Amazulu*, PFLS, XV, London, 1870), E. Jacottet (*Contes populaires des Basoutos*, Paris, 1895; *The Treasury of Ba-Suto Lore*, London, 1908), the Swiss missionary Henri A. Junod (*Les Ba-Ronga*, Neuchâtel, 1898; *The Life of a South African Tribe*, Neuchâtel, 1912-1913; 2d edition, 2 v., London, 1927),⁶ E. Steere (*Swahili Tales as Told by the Natives of Zanzibar*, London, 1922), George M. Theal (*Kaffir Folk-Lore*, London, 1886; *The Yellow and Dark-Skinned People of Africa South of the Zambesi*, London, 1910), the Baptist missionary John H. Weeks (*Congo Life and Folklore*, London, 1911; *Among Congo Cannibals*, London, 1913; *Among the Primitive Bakongo*, London, 1914), Edwin W. Smith (*The Ila-Speaking Peoples of Northern Rhodesia* [with Andrew Murray Dale], 2 v., London, 1920), J. Torrend (*Specimens of Bantu Folklore from Northern Rhodesia*, London and New York, 1921),⁷ Robert H. Nassau (*Fetichism in West Africa*, London, 1904; *Where Animals Talk: West African Folklore Tales*, Boston, 1912), J. Roscoe (*The Baganda*, London, 1911; *The Northern Bantu*, Cambridge, 1915; *The Banyankole*, Cambridge, 1923; *The Bagesu and Other Tribes of the Uganda Protectorate*, Cambridge,

⁵ *American Anthropologist*, n.s., XXXVI (1934), 300.

⁶ Also the author of "Les conceptions physiologiques des Bantou Sud-Africains et leurs tabous," *Revue d'Ethnographie et de Sociologie*, I (1910) and numerous other articles.

⁷ Torrend also wrote a comparative grammar of the South African languages.

1924; *Twenty-five Years in East Africa*, Cambridge, 1921),⁸ W. C. Willoughby ("*Notes on the Totemism of the Becwana*," *JRAI*, XXXV, 1905), and J. Irle (*Die Herero, ein Beitrag zur Landes-Volkes und Missions-kunde*, Gütersloh, 1906). Outstanding among students of the African pygmies are Father Paul Schebesta, most of whose studies are to be found in *Anthropos*, Father W. Schmidt (*Die Stellung der Pygmäenvölker in der Entwicklungsgeschichte des Menschen. Studien und Forschungen zur Menschen und Völkerkunde*, Nos. 6-7),⁹ and Bishop A. LeRoy.¹⁰ Other writers on Africa who deserve mention are E. Casalis (*The Basutos*, London, 1861), James Sibree (*The Great African Island*, London, 1880; *Madagascar Before the Conquest*, London, 1896), S. S. Dornan (*Pygmies and Bushmen of the Kalahari*, 1925; "The Tati Bushmen (Masarwas) and Their Language," *JRAI*, XLXII, 1917, 51), Father H. Trilles (*Proverbes, légendes, et contes Fangs*, Neuchâtel, 1905; *Le totemisme chez les Fan*, Münster i. W., 1912),¹¹ Abbé Pierre Bouche (*La côte des esclaves et le Dahomey*, Paris, 1885),¹² Francis M. Burns ("Trial by Ordeal Among the Bantu-Kavirondo," *Anthropos*, V. 1910, 808 f.), E. Gottschling ("The Bawenda," *JRAI*, XXV, 1905, 375 f.), G. Viehe ("Some Customs of the Ovaherero," *South African Folk-Lore Journal*, I, 1879), Father Labrecque ("La Sorcellerie chez les Babemba," *Anthropos*, XXXIII, 1938, 260 f.), H. Cole ("Notes on the Wagogo of German East Africa," *JAI*, XXXII, 1902), Father H. Beiderbecke ("Some Religious Ideas and Customs of the Ovaherero," *South African Folk-Lore Journal*, II, 1880), Father Baudin ("Féticheurs ou ministres religieux des nègres de la Guinée," *Les Missions Catholiques*, XVI, 1884; "Le fétichisme ou la religion des nègres de la Guinée," *Ibid.*), and David Clement Scott (*A Cyclopaedic Dictionary of the Mang'anja Language Spoken in British Central Africa*, Edinburgh, 1892).

To this list may be added S. G. Christaller ("Negermärchen von

⁸ Also *Worship of the Dead as Practiced by Some African Tribes* (Harvard African Studies, I), Cambridge, 1917.

⁹ Father Schmidt's other works include the *Handbuch der Methode der kultur-historischen Ethnologie* (Munich, 1937), the 5-volume *Ursprung der Gottesidee* (Münster i. W., 1926-1935), "Die Religion der Galla," *Annali Lateranensi*, I (1937), etc. He was for some years editor of *Anthropos*, published by his order, the Society of the Divine Word (SVD).

¹⁰ "Les Pygmées," *Les Missions Catholiques*, XXIX (1897). Bishop LeRoy is also author of *La Religion des Primitifs* (Paris, 1909), a study of African religions.

¹¹ Also "Chez les Fangs," *Les Missions Catholiques*, XXX (1898).

¹² Also "Contes Nagos," *Melusine*, II (1884), 122 f.

der Goldküst," *Zeitschrift für Volkskunde*, IV, 1891, 61 f.),¹³ Hermann G. Harris (*Hausa Stories and Riddles*, Weston-super-Mare, 1908), Samuel Johnson (*The History of the Yorubas from the Earliest Times to the Beginning of the British Protectorate*, London, 1921),¹⁴ and Father Egedi, student of native languages in British New Guinea.¹⁵ A native African who has done much valuable collecting is the Rev. John Henderson Soga, whose father is also a minister.

INDIA

Among writers about the folklore of the people of India may be mentioned a minister of the United Free Church, William McCullough (*Bengali Household Tales*, London, 1912), Charles Swynnerton (*Romantic Tales from the Punjab, with Indian Nights' Entertainment*, London, 1928), Lal Behari Day (*Folk Tales of Bengal*, London, 1912), O. Bodding (*Santal Folk Tales*, 3 v., Oslo, 1925-1929), J. Hinton Knowles (*Dictionary of Kashmiri Proverbs and Sayings*, Bombay, 1885; *Folk-Tales of Kashmir*, 2d ed., London, 1893), E. M. Gordon (*Indian Folk Tales*, London, 1908), Sidney Endle (*The Kacharis*, London, 1911), A. Campbell (*Santal Folk Tales*, Pokhuri, 1891),¹⁶ F. T. Cole ("Sautâli Folk-Lore," *Indian Antiquary*, IV, 1875; "Sautâli Riddles," *Ibid.*), Paul Schulze (*Drawidamärchen der Kuwi-Kond*, Munich, 1922), F. Hahn ("Some Notes on the Religion and Superstitions of the Oraô's," *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*, LXXII, 1904), and Bishop H. Whitehead (*The Village Gods of South India*, Oxford, 1916). The tales translated by C. H. Bompas in his *Folklore of the Santal Parganas* (London, 1909) are from the collection made by Rev. Bodding, of the Scandinavian Mission.

THE BRITISH ISLES

Here we may head the list with the name of that doughty champion of a minstrel authorship of ballads, Bishop Percy (*Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, London, 1852). Other workers in the field

¹³ The proverbs (more than 3600) collected among the negroes of the Gold Coast by Christaller and published in 1879 by the Basel Evangelical Missionary Society were later republished by R. S. Rattray in his *Ashanti Proverbs* (Oxford, 1916).

¹⁴ Rev. Johnson, a native Yoruba, is a member of the Church of England.

¹⁵ A Grammar of the Fuyuge Language, Appendix I of R. W. Williamson's *The Mafulu Mountain People of British New Guinea*, is translated from a MS. of Father Egedi, who has also contributed several articles to *Anthropos*.

¹⁶ Among the considerations which have led to a particular interest in the Santals are these: (1) they are pronounced animists and (2) they are supposed to be of pre-Davidian stock.

of folksong are Sabine Baring-Gould (*Songs and Ballads of the West* [with H. Fleetwood Sheppard], London, 1891) and Dean William Chappell (*Old English Popular Music*, 2 v., London and New York, 1923). With them might well be mentioned the Rev. Gerrard of Aberdeen, who was instrumental in procuring for Jamieson the coveted Brown MS. Other writers interested chiefly in the folklore of their own soil include Charles Swainson (*The Folklore and Provincial Names of British Birds*, PFLS, XVII, London, 1886), Walter Gregor (*Notes on the Folklore of the Northeast of Scotland*, PFLS, VII, London, 1881; *Kilns, Mills, Millers, Meal, and Bread*, London, 1894), D. McInnes (*Folk and Hero Tales from Argyllshire*, PFLS, XXV, London, 1890), John Gregorson Campbell (*Superstitions of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland*, Glasgow, 1900; *Witchcraft and Second Sight in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland*, Glasgow, 1902),¹⁷ J. M. McPherson (*Primitive Beliefs in the Northeast of Scotland*, London, 1929), James MacDougall (*Folk and Hero Tales*, London, 1891; *Folk Tales and Fairy Lore*, Edinburgh, 1910), Edward Davies (*Mythology and Rites of the British Druids*, 1809), Alexander MacGregor (*Highlands Superstitions*, Stirling, 1901), Elias Owen (*Welsh Folklore*, Oswestry and Wrexham, 1906), J. A. MacCulloch (*The Religion of the Ancient Celts*, Edinburgh, 1911; *Celtic Mythology. The Mythology of All Races*, III. Boston, 1918; *Eddic Mythology. The Mythology of All Races*, II. Boston, 1930; *Mediaeval Faith and Fable*, London, 1932; *The Childhood of Fiction*, London, 1905; "Lycanthropy." *Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics*, VIII, 216 f.), George Henderson (*Survivals in Belief Among the Celts*, Glasgow, 1911; *Fled Bricrend* [The Feast of Bricriu], Irish Texts Society, II, London, 1899; "The Fionn Saga," *The Celtic Review*, I, 1904-5; II, 1905-6; III, 1906-7), T. D. Miller (*Tales of a Highland Parish*, Perth, 1925), J. C. Atkinson (*Forty Years in a Moorland Parish*, London, 1891), T. F. Thiselton-Dyer (*English Folklore*, London, 1878), and M. Sheehan (*Cnó coilleadh Craobhaighe*, 1907; *Couasacht Trágha*, 1908). Nor must we overlook Malcolm McPhail, Free Kirk minister of Argyllshire and indefatigable collector of folk tales for Campbell of Islay.

NORTH AMERICA

Students of American Indian folklore and ethnology include such early writers as John Heckewelder (*A Narrative of the Mission of*

¹⁷ Also *The Fians* (Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition, Argyllshire Series, IV), London, 1891, and *Clan Traditions and Popular Tales of the Western Highlands and Islands* (*Ibid.*, V), London, 1895.

the United Brethren among the Delaware and Mohegan Indians . . . , Philadelphia, 1820; *History, Manners, and Customs of the Indian Nations who once Inhabited Pennsylvania and the Neighbouring States*, new and rev. ed., Philadelphia, 1876), George H. Loskiel (*History of the Mission of the United Brethren among the Indians in North America*, London, 1794), and David Zeisberger, a Moravian missionary, whose *History of the Northern American Indians* was edited by Archer Butler Hulbert and William Nathaniel Schwarze in the *Ohio Archaeological and Historical Quarterly*, XIX, Nos. 1 and 2 (Columbus, 1910).¹⁸ Later collectors and writers are Silas Tertius Rand (*Legends of the Micmacs*, London and New York, 1894),¹⁹ Father A. G. Morice (*Essai sur l'origine des Dénés de l'Amerique du Nord*, Saint Boniface, 1916; *Dictionnaire historique des Canadiens et des Métis français de l'Ouest*, Quebec-Montreal-Saint Boniface, 1908),²⁰ J. O. Dorsey (*A Dictionary of the Biloxi and Oto Languages*, BAE, 47),²¹ S. R. Riggs (*A Dakota-English Dictionary*. U. S. Geographical and Geological Survey of the Rocky Mountain Region, Contributions to North American Ethnology, VII, IX, 1890-1893; *Forty Years With the Sioux*, Chicago, c. 1880), Edward Schwarze (*History of the Moravian Missions Among the Southern Indian Tribes of the United States*, Bethlehem, Pa., 1923), Peter Jones (*History of the Ojebway Indians*, London, 1861), H. R. Voth (*Hopi Proper Names*. Field Museum of Natural History, Anthropological Series, VI, 3; *Oraibi Natal Customs*. *Ibid.*, V, 2; *The Oraibi Oaqöl Ceremony*, *Ibid.*, VI, 1; "Oraibi Marriage Customs," AA, n.s., II, 238), Father J. Jetté ("On the Superstitions of the Ten'a Indians," *Anthropos*, VII, 1912; "On Ten'a Folklore," *JRAI*, XXXVIII, 1908), Father Pierre-Jean de Smet (*Western Missions and Missionaries*, New York, c. 1859),²² Father Berard Haile (*Origin Legend of the*

¹⁸ Zeisberger's diary (1781-1798) was translated and edited by Eugene F. Bliss in *Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio Publications*, n.s., II-III (Cincinnati, 1885). For a complete list of his writings, see E. A. de Schweinitz, *The Life and Times of David Zeisberger, the Western Pioneer and Apostle of the the Indians* (Philadelphia, 1870), pp. 687-692.

¹⁹ Rand was for forty years a missionary among the Micmacs of Nova Scotia. He is also author of an *English-Micmac Dictionary* (Halifax, 1888).

²⁰ Also "The Great Déné Race," *Anthropos*, I-V (1906-1910), and artt. in *Transactions of the Canadian Institute*, *Proceedings and Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada*, and *Comptes Rendus du Congrès International des Américanistes*.

²¹ Also "Games of Teton Dakota Children," AA, o.s., IV, 329, and "Teton Folklore," AA, o.s., II, 143.

²² See *Life, Letters and Travels of Father Pierre-Jean de Smet* (ed. Chittenden and Richardson), 4 v., New York, 1905.

Navaho Enemy Way. Yale University Publications in Anthropology, XXXV, 1-3; 14-22), and A. Ballantyne.²³

Probably the most important source of information regarding the life of the North American Indian during the 17th century is the Jesuit Relations, or Reports of Missions, conducted by the religious of the Society of Jesus in Canada. These slight volumes, the work of many hands, were sent back to France as the report of the Superior of the Jesuit missions and there printed in cheap form and circulated among the pious. Simply and honestly written, they furnish unusually reliable information concerning tribal languages, customs, and relations, not only for the whole of Canada but also for the frontier, from Maine to Lake Superior and Illinois, and cover a period of nearly half a century.²⁴ Valuable linguistic studies have been and are being made by the Franciscan Fathers of St. Michaels, Arizona.²⁵

SOUTH AMERICA

Writers on the Indians of South America include Martin Gusinde ("Tiermythen der Araukaner-Indianer," *Baessler-Archiv*, XIX, 1936) and W. H. Brett (*Legends and Myths of the Aboriginal Indians of British Guiana*, London, 1880; *The Indian Tribes of Guiana*, London, 1868). Important contributions were made also by the Bishop of Chiapa, Bartholomé de las Casas (*De las antiquas gentes del Perú*. Coleccion de libros españoles raros y curiosos, t. 21, Madrid, 1872; *Historia de las Indias*, 5 v., Madrid, 1875-6).²⁶

OCEANIA AND AUSTRALIA

For Malaya we may mention W. W. Skeat (*Malay Magic*, London, 1900; *Pagan Races of the Malay Peninsula* [with C. O. Blagden], 2 v1, London, 1906);²⁷ for Australia and Oceania in general, George Brown (*Melanesians and Polynesians*, London, 1910; *Folk Tales from the Tonga Islands*, London, 1917), Lorimer Fison (*Tales from Old Fiji*, London, 1907), W. W. Gill (*Myths and Songs from the South Pacific*, London, 1876), Father August Kleintitschen (*Mythen und Erzählungen eines Melanesierstammes aus Paparatava, Neupommern, Südsee*. Antropos Ethnologische Monographien, II, 4, Vienna, 1924), Father Schmidt (*Grundlinien einer Vergleichung der Re-*

²³ Brother-in-law of Diamond Jenness and co-author with him of *The Northern D'Entrecasteaux* (Oxford, 1920).

²⁴ These Relations were published between 1632 and 1672.

²⁵ For example, the *Ethnologic Dictionary of the Navaho Languages*, published in 1910.

²⁶ de las Casas' dates are 1474-1566.

²⁷ Also *Fables and Folk-Tales from an Eastern Forest*, Cambridge, 1901.

ligionen und Mythologien der Austronesischen Völker. Denkschriften d. K. Akademie d. Wissenschaften in Wien, 1910),²⁸ Bishop R. H. Codrington (*The Melanesians; Studies in Their Anthropology and Folk Lore*, Oxford, 1891), W. Deane (*Fijian Society*, London, 1921), two missionaries in the Philippines, Father Lambrecht and Father Morice Vanoverbergh, Shirley W. Baker (*An English and Tongan Vocabulary . . . and Tongan Grammar*, Auckland, N. Z., 1897), E. E. V. Collocott (*Tongan Astronomy and Calendar*. Occasional Papers of the Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum of Polynesian Ethnology and Natural History, VIII, 4, Honolulu, 1922; *Proverbial Sayings of the Tongans* [with John Havea], Honolulu, Bishop Museum Press, 1922), J. Chalmers ("Notes on the Natives of Kiwai Island," *JRAI*, XXXIII, 1903), J. Holmes ("Initiation Ceremonies of Natives of the Papuan Gulf," *JAI*, XXXII, 1902), W. O'Ferrall ("Native Stories from Santa Cruz and Reef Islands," *JAI*, XXXIV, 1904), and Father Francis Xavier Reiter ("Traditions Tonguiennes," *Anthropos*, II, 1907).

The Rev. G. Pratt, missionary on the island of Savaii, Samoa, has written a dictionary and a grammar of the Samoan language, and the Missionaries Maristes have contributed the valuable *Dictionnaire Toga-Francais et Francais-Toga-Anglais* (Paris, 1890).

CHINA AND JAPAN

Students of the folklore and folk life of China and Japan include John Batchelor (*The Ainu of Japan*, London, 1892; *The Ainu and Their Folklore*, London, 1901), W. E. Griffis (*The Religion of Japan*, London, 1895),²⁹ Friend ("Euphemism and Tabu in China," *Folk-Lore Record*, IV, 1881, 71 f.), and Father Leon Wieger (*Folklore Chinois Moderne*, 1909).

SCANDINAVIA

The Scandinavian countries have given us Just Knud Qvigstad (*Lappiske eventyr og sagn*, 4 v., Oslo, 1927-8; *Lappische Märchen und Sagenvarianten*, FFC, No. 60, Helsingfors, 1925; *Lappische Heilkunde*, Oslo, 1932; *De Lappiske Stedsnavn i Troms Fylke*. Instituttet for Sammenlignende Kulturforskning, Serie B, Skrifter xxviii, Oslo, 1935), Nicolovius or Nils Lovén (*Folkklifvet i Skytts Härad i Skåne*,

²⁸ Also "Die Mythologie der Austronesischen Völker," *Mitteil. d. Anthropol. Ges. in Wien*, XXXIX. Father Schmidt uses the term Austronesia to include Indonesia, Melanesia, and Polynesia.

²⁹ Griffis is also the author of *The Japanese Fairy World* (London, 1887) and *Korean Fairy Tales* (London, 1924). An interesting article of his is "Origin of Remus Tar Baby in Japan," *The Folklorist*, I (1893).

Lund, 1908), H. F. Feilberg and his fine work on dialect (*Bidrag til en Ordbog over Jyske Almuesmål*, 4 v., København, 1886-1914), and his numerous studies in other departments of folklore.³⁰

Among the many collectors, editors, and students of folksong we may list A. A. Afzelius (*Afsked af svenska folksharpan*, Stockholm, 1848; *Svenska Folkvisor* [with E. G. Geijer], 4 v., Stockholm, 1814-16; new and rev. edition by Bergström and Höijer, Stockholm, 1880), M. B. Landstad (*Norske Folkeviser*, Kristiania, 1853), the Dane H. C. Lyngby, who made the first published collection of Färoic ballads (*Færøiske Kvaeder*, Randers, 1822), and another collector of balladry in the Færoes, J. H. Schröter. One of the outstanding Norwegian collectors of an earlier day was the clergyman S. O. Wolff, who did not, however, publish his collections.³¹ The father of G. O. Hyltén-Cavallius was a minister,³² as was also N. F. S. Grundtvig, father of Svend. The most important works of the elder Grundtvig are the *Danske Kæmpeviser til Skolebrug* (Copenhagen, 1847); *Om Kæmpevisebogen* (Copenhagen, 1847); *Udvalgte Skrifter*, ed. Holger Begtrup, 10 v., Copenhagen, 1904-1909.³³

HUNGARY

Among the great names in Hungarian folklore study are those of Bishop Arnold Ipolyi ("Beiträge zur deutschen Mythologie aus Ungarn," *Zeitschrift für deutsche Mythologie und Sittenkunde*, I, 1853) and János Kriza.³⁴ The tales, many of them from the Kriza collection, have been studied by W. Henry Jones (*The Folk-Tales of the Magyars* [with Kropf], *PFLS*, XII, London, 1889).

GENERAL

Three outstanding writers on werewolves and vampires wrote as churchmen: Dom Augustin Calmet (*Traité sur les Apparitions des*

³⁰ "Wie sich Volksmärchen verbreiten," *Am Urquell*, V (1894); "Der Vampyr," *Ibid.*, III (1893); "The Game of Hopscotch as Played in Denmark," *Folk-Lore*, VI (1895), 359 f.; etc.

³¹ These collections were used by Landstad and others. For a tribute to Wolff's contributions, see the article by Rikard Berge in *Norske Folkeminnesamlar*, II, 4.

³² Carl Fredrik Cavallius. Much of his tale collection has been published in *Svenska Sagor och Sägner*, III (ed., Sahlgren and Liljeblad), Stockholm, 1939.

³³ It is in the *Om Kæmpevisebogen* that the author champions his son Svend as the scholar best fitted for the task of editing the Danish ballad corpus, and defends him against the attacks of Molbech.

³⁴ Volumes XI and XII of a series of fourteen collections published (1872-1924) by the Kisfaludy Society are a reprint of Kriza's collection, together with much of his correspondence. Volume XIII (1914) consists of the folktale collection of Bishop Ipolyi (1823-1886).

Esprits, et sur les Vampires, ou les Revenans de Hongrie, de Moravie, etc. Nouvelle édition, revenue, corrigée, & augmentée par l'Auteur. 2 v. Paris, 1746), Baring-Gould (*The Book of Werewolves*, London, 1865), and Montague Summers (*The Vampire: His Kith and Kin*, London, 1928; *The Vampire in Europe*, London, 1929; *The Werewolf*, London, 1933).³⁵ Chapter II of Magnus' *Historia* is also devoted to the werewolf.

Several clergymen (more appropriately, be it added) have given us saints' legends and exempla. Among the more familiar names are those of Johannes Pauli, a Franciscan of the early 16th century,³⁶ Jacques de Vitry (*Sermones Vulgares*),³⁷ Johannes Gobii Junior,³⁸ Jacobus de Voragine (*Legenda Aurea*),³⁹ and Johannes Herolt (*Discipulus*).⁴⁰ Later workers in this field are Baring-Gould (*Lives of the Saints*, London, 1872-77; *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*, new imp., London and New York, 1901), Alban Butler (*The Lives of the Fathers, Martyrs, and Other Principal Saints, Compiled from Original Monuments and Authentic Reports*, 4 v., 1756-1759), Bishop Richard Challoner (*Britannica Sancta: or the Lives of the Most Celebrated British, English, Scottish, and Irish Saints*, 1745; *The Wonders of God in the Wilderness; or the Lives of the Most Celebrated Saints of the Oriental Deserts*, 1755), and Charles Plummer (*Vitae Sanctorum Hiberniae*, 2 v., Oxford, 1910). To these we may add Hippolyte Delehaye (*Légendes Hagiographiques*, Brussels, 1906),⁴¹ the *Analecta Bollandiana*, and the monumental work of Migne.⁴²

Mythology has been treated by Abbé Banier (*The Mythology and Fables of the Ancients . . .*, 4 v., London, 1739-1740),⁴³ George W.

³⁵ Author also of *The History of Witchcraft* (London, 1926) and *The Geography of Witchcraft* (London, 1927), and editor of the *Demoniality of Sinistrari*, the *Malleus Maleficarum* of Sprenger, etc.

³⁶ *Schimpf und Ernst* (ed. from earliest text, 1522, by Johannes Bolte), 2 v., Berlin, 1924. This edition supplants that of Oesterley (Stuttgart, 1866).

³⁷ The best edition is that of T. F. Crane (*PFLS*, XXVI), London, 1890.

³⁸ *Scala Celi* (14th c.). Gobii was a member of the Preaching Friars.

³⁹ The *Legenda Aurea* (13th century) has been edited by Richard Benz (Jena, 1925).

⁴⁰ Herolt was a Dominican friar of the 15th century. His *Promptuarium Discipuli de Miraculis Beate Maria Virginis* has been edited in English by C. C. Swinton Bland as *Miracles of the Blessed Virgin Mary* (New York, 1928).

⁴¹ Translated by Mrs. N. M. Crawford under the title *The Legends of the Saints*.

⁴² *Patrologia cursus completus, sive bibliotheca universalis . . . omnium SS. patrum, doctorum scriptorumque ecclesiasticorum . . . series Latina*. 221 v. Paris, 1844-1904.

⁴³ An earlier work of Banier is *La Mythologie et les Fables expliquées par l'Histoire* (Paris, 1738).

Cox (*An Introduction to the Science of Comparative Mythology and Folk-Lore*, London, 1881; *The Mythology of the Aryan Nations*, 2 v., London, 1870), James Macdonald (*Religion and Myth*, London, 1893), E. O. James (*Christian Myth and Ritual*, London, 1933; *Primitive Ritual and Belief*, London, 1917),⁴⁴ and other lesser writers.

Traditions of that little-known people, the Basques, have been given us by Wentworth Webster (*Basque Legends*, London, 1879). A. H. Wratislaw made an admirable collection of Slavonic folktales (*Sixty Folk-Tales*, Boston, 1890); both G. F. Stender⁴⁵ and August Bielenstein⁴⁶ collected and published Lettish tales; a collection of Jewish stories was made by Gerald Friedlander (*Jewish Tales*, London, 1917).

The Rev. A. H. Sayce is the author of *Lectures on the Religion of the Ancient Babylonians*, London, 1887; *The Hittites* (3rd ed. London, 1903); "Cairene Folk-Lore," *Folk-Lore Journal*, VII (1889); and is one of the most prominent members of the English Folk-Lore Society.

Turkish and Greek folklore is the subject of Henry Fanshawe Tozer's *Researches in the Highlands of Turkey . . . with Notes on the Ballads, Tales, and Classical Superstitions of the Modern Greeks* (2 v., London, 1869). Father Lambert has examined the beliefs of the natives of New Caledonia (*Moeurs et Superstitions des Neo-Caledoniens*, Noumea, 1900), and Abbé Etienne Ignace has written of fetichism among the Brazilian Negroes ("Le fétichisme des nègres du Bresil," *Anthropos*, III, 1908, 881-904).

Missionary Émile Petitot wrote *Traditions indiennes du Canada Nord-Ouest* (*Les litt. pop. de toutes les nations*, XXIII, Paris 1886). Writers on Madagascar include Sibree ("Malagasy Folk Tales," *Folk-Lore Journal*, II, 1884, 45 f.; "The Oratory, Songs, Legends, and Folk-Tales of the Malagasy," *Ibid.*, I, 1883, 16 f.; "The Folklore of Malagasy Birds," *Folk-Lore*, II, 1891, 336 f.; "Malagasy Folk-Lore and Popular Superstitions," *Folk-Lore Record*, II, 1879) and J. A. Houlder (*Ohabolana, or Malagasy Proverbs*, Antananarivo, 1915).

Hilderic Friend wrote *Flowers and Flower Lore* (New York, 1889), Robert Kirk *The Secret Commonwealth of Elves, Fauns, and Fairies* (London, 1893), John Edward Field *The Myth of the Pent Cuckoo* (London, 1913), missionary P. H. Brincker a *Wörterbuch und*

⁴⁴ Author also of *An Introduction to Anthropology* (London, 1919). Rev. James has been for many years editor of *Folk-Lore*.

⁴⁵ *Märchen und Erzählungen den Letten zur Ergötzung und Belehrung*, Mitau, 1766, 1789.

⁴⁶ In *Magazin der lett. literarischen Gesellschaft in Mitau* (1855-56).

Kurzegefasste Grammatik des Otji-Herero Leipsic, 1886), Samuel Crowther *A Vocabulary of the Yoruba Language*, London, 1852), missionary Wilhelm Hofmayr *The Shilluk* (Anthropos Ethnologische Bibliothek, II, 5, Vienna, 1925), Walter Gregor *The Horse in Scottish Folk-Lore* (Banff, 1890).

The Rev. Dr. M. Gaster is the author of *Literatura Populară Română* (Bucharest, 1883) and *Rumanian Bird and Beast Stories* (London, 1915).⁴⁷ A recent work on ethnology is that of Msgr. A. Bros (*L'Ethnologie Religieuse, Introduction a l'Etude Comparée des Religions*, Paris, 1936).

Other important names in the field of folksong are those of Humphrey Kowalsky (*Ukrainian Folk Songs*, Boston, 1925), Leo M. Alisham (*Armenian Popular Songs Translated into English*, Venice, 1852), the Estonian scholars Jakob Hurt⁴⁸ and M. J. Eisen,⁴⁹ and S. B. Hustvedt (*Ballad Criticism in Scandinavia and Great Britain*, New York, 1916; *Ballad Books and Ballad Men*, Cambridge, Harvard University Press, 1930).⁵⁰ Bishop Daniel Juslenius antedates Lönnrot as a collector of the national poetry, his first collection having been made in 1700. Unfortunately, however, this collection burned.⁵¹ Both Pastor Bochmann and Pastor Ewerth contributed Estonian songs to volumes of J. H. Rosenplänter, *Beiträge zur genaueren Kenntniss der esthnischen Sprache* (Pernau, 1813-1832).

Charles Swan and H. G. Keene are deserving of mention here for their work as translators and editors. The former's edition of the *Gesta Romanorum* (London, 1888), superseded that of Oesterley (Berlin, 1872). Keene translated and edited a part of the Persian *Anvari Suheli* for the purpose of training employees of the East India Company in the use of the Persian language.⁵²

Students of archaeology and prehistory owe much to the work of Abbe Breuil ("Paleolithic Man in Gibraltar," *JRAI*, LII, 1922,

⁴⁷ Many of Rabbi Gaster's contributions to learned journals are to be found in his *Studies and Texts in Folklore, Magic, Medieval Romance, Hebrew Apocrypha, and Samaritan Archaeology*, 3 v. (London, 1925-1928). Dr. Gaster is one of the most highly esteemed members of the English Folk-Lore Society and was at one time its president.

⁴⁸ Author of *Vana Kannel*, I (Dorpat, 1875, 1876), II (Dorpat, 1884, 1886). Volume III has recently been edited by Herbert Tampere for the Eesti Rahvaluule Arhiiv (Tallinn, 1938). Among Hurt's other works are *Kannel* (Helsingfors, 1893) and *Setukeste laulud* (Helsingfors, 1907).

⁴⁹ Author of *Eesti rahva mõistatused* (Dorpat, 1890), a collection of riddles in prose and verse, and *Estnische Mythologie* (Leipzig, 1925). Much of his folksong collection is still in manuscript.

⁵⁰ Professor Hustvedt is a minister of the Lutheran Church.

⁵¹ A work on Finnish incantations was published by Juslenius in 1745.

⁵² This edition was published at Hertford in 1835.

46 f.; "Etudes de Morphologie Paléolithique," *Revue Anthropologique*, XXI; "Du culte de St. Jean-Baptiste," *Memoires de la Société des Antiquaires de Picardie*, VIII, 1845; "Premieres Impressions de Voyage sur la Prehistoire Sud-Africain," *L'Anthropologie*, XL, 1930; "The Palaeolithic Art of North-East Spain and the Art of Bushmen," *Man*, September, 1930) and that of Abbé Bardou and Abbés A. and J. Bouyssonie.

The list, already of fair length, could be made longer. We might, for example, very justly include here Fray Bernardino de Sahagun, John Eliot, and Alonso de Benavides. However, even such an incomplete list as this shows how great and how important has been the service rendered by the clergy in the collecting and study of folklore.

Bloomington, Indiana.

KNIGHTS OF THE PACK:
THE HEYDAY OF THE FOOT PEDDLER

by

Caroline S. Coleman

The little weatherbeaten men who once travelled the countryside and sold pillowshams are gone. But one wonders if gas rationing, making it difficult for rural women to visit the city shops, will result in the return of the foot peddler with all the riches of Araby in his pack? These picturesque peddlers, once so much a part of country life in the South, were for the most part Italians; with a sprinkling of Syrians, Spanish, and an occasional Irishman. All were foreigners; all seemed to be small men; all stooped from habitual bearing of heavy burdens, and all were lean and brown from continued exposure to the weather.

Even in the late 19th century the South was still a region of farms and plantations, with the cities far between. Along the winding roads which threaded wooded hills and level lands where lived the descendents of the pioneers, came the Knights of the Pack in their ceaseless wanderings up and down the land. An indispensable link between the rural home and the marts of trade was the old-time foot peddler with his pack. Not only were the romance and glamor of far away lands inseparable from his appearance in our midst, but the peddler's pack was the "notion" counter, the dry goods shop to the Southern country home of the past century. That one small pack could carry all his varied stores was a puzzle explainable only by the peddler whose skill at packing much in little space was acquired by long experience.

No rare pleasure of later years ever brought such thrills as the children felt, when busy at play, they would see a familiar stooped figure toiling up the road, a great pack borne, Santa-Claus-fashion, upon his back. Into the house they would scamper to call excitedly, "Oh, look! there's a peddler a-coming."

When the peddler turned in at the gate, the children were still and silent; they were in awe of the peddler. An air of mystery enveloped him. Whence came these little brown men? Did they cross the ocean to America with their treasures, bringing them straight to our doors from foreign lands? The children were convinced that this was true, and none ever explained the mystery.

Into the living room the peddler usually came; unfastening his

shoulder straps, he would lower his burden to the floor. In wide-eyed wonder the children, and adults too, watched as he knelt to untie the intricate knots in the fastenings of his pack, talking volubly in broken English all the while.

"I have nice goots, lady. Fine shawls, purty towles, you like; and combs. Nicest counterpanes I have, so cheap — and table cloths. Won't you buy my laces, lady? Maka da laces in my country. You want some fa da leetle gurls."

The worn black oilcloth covering unfastened and the knots in the inner covering now untied, all the riches of glamorous lands lay before prospective buyers of his wares. One by one the peddler would unpack his treasures, dwelling at length on the beauty and cheapness of each article.

"Look, lady, theese counterpanes. You never saw some like 'em," he would say. Huge white counterpanes with gorgeous embroidery in turkey-red, were temptingly displayed. Fervent ejaculations could be heard from a dusky group of onlookers. For, summoned by grapevine telegraph, every colored woman near the place appeared to see the peddler's stock.

"See, lady, beautiful laces. All da ladies buy it." Yards and yards of torchon lace the peddler carried. Edgings of torchon were used for trimming undergarments, and only torchon lace would outlast the stout domestic from which such lingerie was fashioned.

Fancy tuck combs, strings of beads, fringed sashes, woolen shawls in bright plaid colors; heavy creamy linen towels which the rich might envy now, the peddler unpacked, each article growing more desirable after seeing the colorful display in the peddler's pack. Children were permitted to select a string of beads, carefully chosen to be worn with "Sunday dresses." And happy was that colored servant, who, untying the knotted handkerchief produced from her bosom, and counting her change, found that she had the price of some coveted treasure. A red-bordered linen towel would add luster to her cabin home, and if she could buy a counterpane she was the envy of her mates.

"Yas'm, dat Sally — she done got stuckup since she got dat counterpane off'n de peddler."

Pillowshams were the peddler's best sale. What was home without pillowshams? Pillowshams, hand-embroidered with dainty care, filled chests of drawers in Southern homes, but these seemed undesirable after seeing the colorful display in the peddler's sack. Tucked away in ancient chests today are Nottingham lace pillow-

shams, lined with turkey-red calico the better to bring out the design of spreading peacocks. Peacocks lorded it in strutting grandeur on "company" beds when the foot peddler was in his heyday.

The peddler never put a flat price on his goods, and it was a fine art to dicker for a "bargain." "Da shawl sells for fie dollars, lady," he would say, holding it up to exhibit its tantalizing colors.

"I will pay you two dollars for it," the prospective buyer would say.

"Two dollars? Ya rob da peddler. Ma wife seek and ma leetle boy broke he leg. Na, na, too leetle price."

In the end if the lady was a good trader, she and he would finally agree to "split the difference," at two-fifty. Otherwise the difference would be mostly in the peddler's favor, for canny understanding of human nature was part of the peddler's stock in trade. By pricing his wares higher than he expected to receive, he could gradually lower his price, thus cashing in on the feminine love of a "bargain." "See these towels. The peddler asked a dollar for them, but I finally induced him to accept fifty cents," one neighbor would say to another with great satisfaction. "Look, how I got the best of the peddler," another would say. "I offered him a dollar for the set of combs and he took it, though he had asked a dollar and a half for them," another would say, happily.

Occasionally a peddler would prove to be a rascal and palm off shoddy goods: shawls that were moth-eaten, lace that soon went to pieces, but for the most part peddlers dealt in honest stock. Because of the occasional trickster, many people were distrustful of all peddlers and treated them with rudeness. "There comes one of those cheats who will try to sell us cheap cotton things for linen and will try any kind of a trick to get our money," housewives would say, and some would slam the door in the peddler's face. It was not unheard of for a housewife to call the dog when she saw a peddler approaching. The peddler's persistence and his reluctance to depart without selling something made his presence unwelcome in some homes. In other homes too far off the beaten path to make the sight of a peddler distasteful, he was treated with kindness and consideration. Consequently those homes were forever after in the good graces of the "Peddlers' Guild," or some such organization. Perhaps the Knights of the Pack had some sign like that of the Romany Patteran, whereby houses were marked with the sign "good," or "bad." At any rate certain homes were visited more frequently by these weary travellers with the heavy packs. To one such Southern home came many a

peddler seeking a night's lodging and found it. "Were you not afraid to keep a foreigner in your home when you might have been robbed and murdered?" a distrustful neighbor would ask. The problem of lodging was a difficult one for the peddler to solve. Few of the homes to which he was admitted to display his goods were open to him for a night's lodging. Who knew what manner of man the mysterious foreigner was and whether or not he was free from disease or vermin? Housewives shrank from letting the little weather-beaten peddlers sleep in spotless "company rooms," and often the footsore peddler trudged the road until after dark, seeking a place for supper and bed. Even on cold winter nights the peddler would sometimes be refused shelter. Cold rain, biting wind chilling him to the bone he would plod dismally along until he found some home that would receive him. As a last resort, driven by desperation, the peddler would sometimes have to accept the shelter of a negro's cabin, and ever after he and his kind would be ostracized in that neighborhood.

Not infrequently a home owner offering shelter to the peddler found that he was "entertaining angels unawares." For not all foot peddlers were uncouth and ignorant. Some of them could converse interestingly and intelligently about the great world beyond our doors. The children in a home where the peddler was a guest never found geography so dull as before. Sunny Italy, and Spain; other countries in Europe seemed real after hearing the peddler tell about "my countrie." The vineyards on Italian hillsides with the dark little peasants at work came to life when the peddler told of his work at home and how he had come to America seeking a chance to make something without long hours of unrewarding labor. The war of 1870 between Germany and France became a reality when a German Jew told of the sufferings of his people. His Southern listeners wept in sympathy, war was real to them, too. A son of Erin charmed all in the home where he was staying by singing ballads of his nativeland and reciting the story of Ireland's woes. The thrilling account of brave deeds of the immortals, "Tyrone and Tyrconnell," the ballad of "Old Tara's Halls," brought color and vividness into the Southern rural home in a manner reminiscent of the day of the wandering minstrel in Medieval England.

The peddler would have to be carefully drawn out by adroit questioning before he would begin his narratives. Some were so reluctant to talk that much tact was required to make them feel at ease. Others would welcome the chance to unbend and talk to those who treated

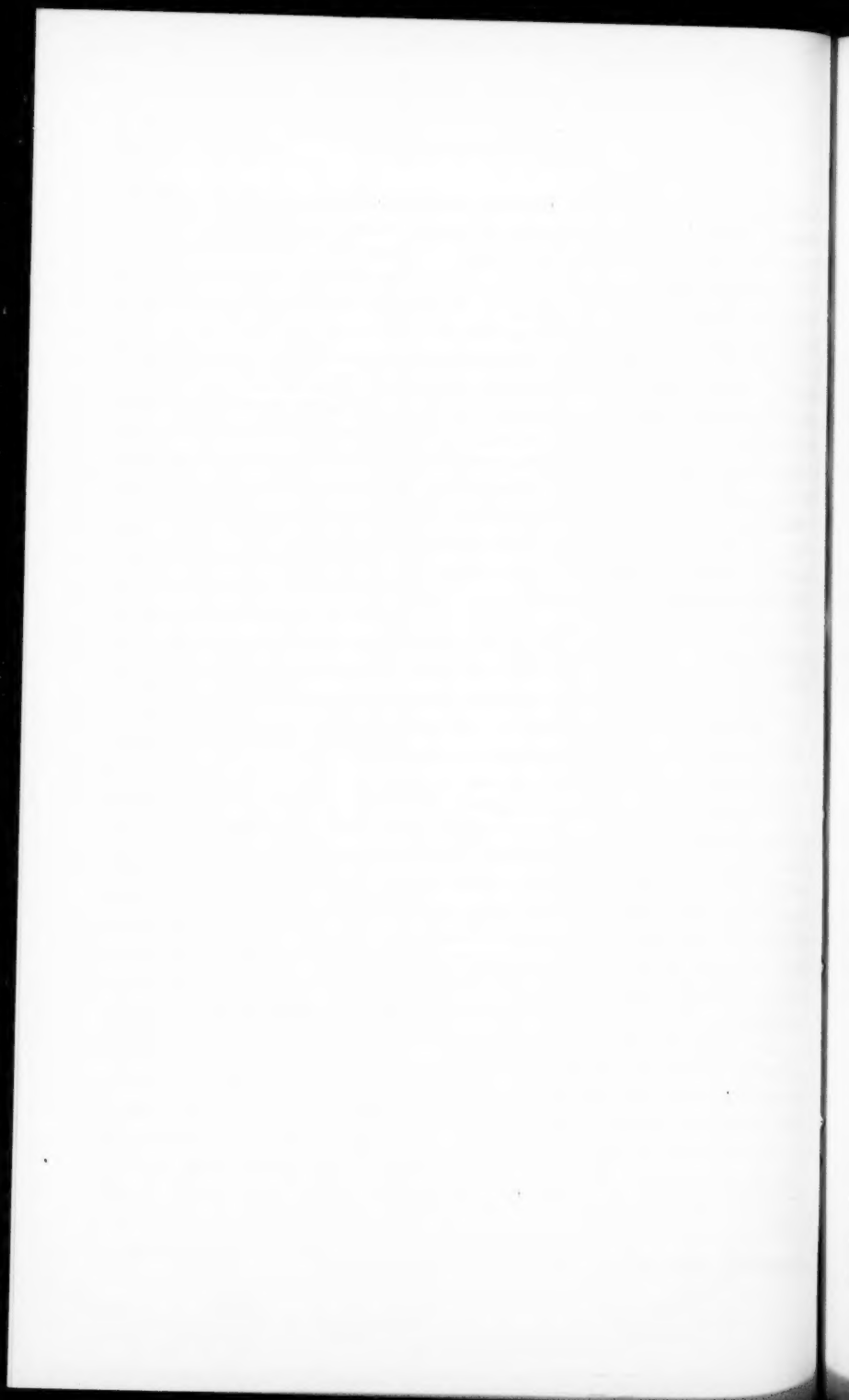
them as human beings. After a hard day's trudging the rough roads, without a soul to speak to except when soliciting customers, it was a rare treat to the peddler to find a good meal, a warm fire and human companionship at the end of the day. In their gratitude, some peddlers waxed so talkative and poetic that they were invited to "stop again" when travelling that way.

But all were not such agreeable lodgers. There was the food crank, who refused to eat meals served in the farm home where he was stopping, but munched odorous cheese from a paper bag which he pulled from his pocket. The night proved that he had dined not wisely but too well. Soda, peppermint, ipecac were brought to ease his groaning, and it was long before a foot peddler found lodging in that home again. There was the peddler who smoked a pipe in bed and burned a hole through sheets and quilt. He left without telling what he had done—or paying for the damage. "Needn't expect anything else of a peddler," said a sarcastic neighbor, who, "never took any chances by admitting one of these queer, heathen men" into her home. But, there was the dark-eyed peddler who was all apologies when he dropped his coffee cup and smashed it. Then with a gracious gesture he presented his hostess with a pair of beautiful linen towels. "A prisint, lady," he replied when she remonstrated that the cup was not valuable and she was hesitant about accepting reparation.

Southerners learned that most peddlers had a well-developed sense of appreciation. If a peddler was told that there was "no charge" for his night's lodgings, as often happened in a day when hospitality was more than a word in the dictionary, he invariably brought forth from his pack some article worth more than the cost of meals and bed. "Thank ya, kind lady," he would say as he made this offering in lieu of cash. Then shouldering his burden the little peddler would turn his face toward the road and set off in the early morning, a Knight of the Pack faring forth on another day's journey.

Time passed on, the South began to recover from the paralyzing effects of the War Between the States. Towns and cities grew, roads were improved and modes of travel modernized. Fewer and fewer foot peddlers roamed the countryside. Finally their visits ceased altogether, and another chapter in the saga of Southern rural life was at end. Yet with the return to ways of the past in time of war perhaps we shall see again the foot peddler with "nice goots" in his pack.

Fountain Inn, S. C.



SONGS THE CAJUNS SING

by

J. Frederick Doering

The French songs in this collection are even more interesting in some respects than the spirituals and other folksongs of the negro which I gathered in Louisiana a few years ago.¹ For example, one or two of the songs may be traced with reasonable accuracy to their original source. One of these is "Le Soldat qui revient de la guerre," a version secured from Mr. Joseph Dufresne of St. John's Parish, Louisiana. This particular song demonstrates rather forcibly the "inveterate nomadism," as Barbeau calls it, of folksongs.

"Le Soldat qui revient de la guerre" is probably to be classed as a *complainte* of Norman origin. The theme is basically that of "Le Retour de Soldat," a French-Canadian folksong; but the Louisiana variant, if such it may be called, is less rough and boisterous. It tells of a soldier's return to his lamenting mother, whereas the central figure of the Quebec version comes back to an unfaithful wife, as witnessed by the following excerpt:

—Ah! taisez-vous, méchante femme.
Je vous ai laissé deux enfants
En voilà quatre ici présents.²

Nevertheless, both songs are reminiscent of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," despite their variations.

As in the case of the other French songs in this collection, most of which were badly garbled aside from dialect peculiarities, much of the original orthography, verbal form, and syntax has been retained. Some textual emendation has been necessary to render the texts readable.

LE SOLDAT QUI REVIENT DE LA GUERRE

I

—Bonjour, mes chers amis, me serait-il possible
De me loger ici car ma fatigue et pénible?
Je suis un militaire qui revient de la guerre,
Qui marche depuis longtemps: c'est pour revoir sa mère.

¹ J. F. Doering, "Negro Folk-Songs from Louisiana," *The Southern Literary Messenger* (March, 1943), p. 7 ff.

² Marius Barbeau, "Folk-Songs of Old Quebec," in *National Museum of Canada Anthropological Series*, Bulletin 75 (Ottawa, Ontario), p. 38.

—Non, non, nous pouvons pas nulment vous satisfaire.
Voyez que nous logeons dans une triste chaumière
Qui contient faiblement notre petit ménage.

II

—Allez, trouverez logement dans le village! Mais il refusa.
(S'adressant à sa mère)
—Si vous eussiez un fils qui serait dans la détresse,
N'auriez-vous pas pour lui le coeur plein de tendresse?
—Vraiment, mon cher enfant, vous marrachez les larmes,
Car j'ai mon fils conscrit qui cause tout mon tourment.
C'était tout mon support, ma unique espérance.
Je crois bien qu'il est mort dans ses peines et souffrances.

III

—Calmez votre tourment, votre douleur extrême,
Car il se comporte. Bien il vous le dit lui-même.
C'est vous qui m'avez; mais sur la terre
Et sur l'onde reconnaissez ce fils qui vous rendit féconde.
—Viens à moi, mon cher enfant, viens embrasser
De mère qui a eu la cruauté et le coeur insensible
De t'avoir refusé un asile qui aitait libre.

A typical Cajun dialect song was contributed by Mr. Joseph N. Dufresne, Ruston, Louisiana. "Cribisse, cribisse" has already been published by Miss I. T. Whitfield, but the variations in the Dufresne version seem sufficiently significant to warrant its printing. For instance, there is no verse refrain in Mr. Dufresne's variant;³ there are a few irregularities in dialect; and, in at least one instance, an English term has not supplanted the French.

CRIBISSE, CRIBISSE

I

Cribisse, cribisse, pas gain di tout "show!"
Cribisse, cribisse, pas gain di tout "show!"
Créyole trappé yé pou' fait gumbo.

II

Quand to lève les matins, to trouve mo "gone;"
Quand to lève les matins, to trouve mo "gone;"
Mo fou "camp" côté cribisse trou.

³ I. T. Whitfield. *Louisiana French Folk Songs* (University, Louisiana, 1939), p. 137 ff.

III

Créyole, créyole, qui gain jiste neuf jou',
 Créyole, créyole, qui gain jiste neuf jou'.
 Li cassé sos bras dans trou cribisse.

IV

Cribisse, cribisse, pas peu' "six mule team,"
 Cribisse, cribisse, pas peu' "six mule team,"
 Mé li parti galpé quand lé wa créyole.

V

Gardez tout 'lontour lit créyole,
 Gardez tout 'lontour lit créyole,
 To pas wa arien que pasé têtes cribisse.

As is the case with many of the Cajun songs, *Rapelle-toi* is a musical adaptation of the well-known poem by Alfred de Musset. Thus we find a song which is not of folk origin assuming folkloristic character because of variations arising from folk transmission and because of the nature of the music to which the lyrics were sung. The same is probably true of *La Chanson de l'orpheline* and *Les Enfants orphelins*, which appear to have been popular songs of the revolutionary period in France.

RAPELLE-TOI

I

Rapelle-toi lorsque l'ombre craintive
 Ouvre au soleil son palais enchanté.
 Rapelle-toi lorsque la nuit pensive
 Passe en rêvant sous une voile argente
 À rappeler du plaisir lorsque ton coeur palpite
 Au doux songe du soir ombreux qui t'invite
 Écouter dans la nuit une voix qui gémit,
 —Rapelle-toi (bis).

II

Rapelle-toi lorsque la destinée
 Mourante, de toi pour jamais séparée,
 Quand le chagrin, l'exil et les années
 Aurons flétri ce coeur désespéré. Songe
 De nos triste amours; songe de l'adieu suprême.
 L'absence ni le temps ne sonne rien quand on aime.
 Tante que mon coeur battera toujours il te dira,
 —Rapelle-toi (bis).

III

Rappelle-toi quand sous le froid pire
 Mon coeur brisé pour toujours dormira;
 Rappelle-toi quand la fleur solit(a)ire
 Sur mon tombeau doucement survivra.
 Je ne te verrai plus, mais mon âme immortelle
 Reviendra près de toi comme une soeur fidèle.
 Écoute au fond des bois murmurer une voix,
 —Rappelle-toi (bis).

All of the heartaches and pathos of the French Revolution seems to find its way into the two songs about children who lost their parents during the struggle. The religious touch in *Les Enfants orphelins* is probably a Cajun addition to the song or the result of the reaction favorable to organized religion after defeat of Napoleon.

LES ENFANTS ORPHELINS

I

Près de Paris dans un petit village,
 Deux innocents prient d'une croix.
 Je m'approche contemplant cette image,
 Et je leur dit d'une assez douce voix,
 —Vous priez Dieu, Dieu la puissance humaine.
 Pourquoi ces pleurs qui cause vos chagrins?
 Nous n'avons que ce Dieu, l'être suprême
 Qui prend pitié des enfants orphelins.

II

Bons mes enfants, vous n'avez plus de mère,
 Mais dites-moi d'ou vous vient ce malheur.
 Bien jeune encore la mort prit notre père
 Et nous laissa ma mère et ma soeur.
 Près de Paris au fort ajournée
 La guerre civile régna sur les humains.
 Là nous perdimes notre mère adoré,
 Prenez pitié des enfants orphelins.

III

Dans un quartier l'un (des) plus populaire
 Tremblant de froid et gémissant de peur,
 L'affreux malheur régna dans le village.
 Et il arrivat (sic) et il perça le mur.
 Nous nous sauvions (quand) une fusillade
 Frappa ma mère et lui perça le coeur.
 Elle tomba près d'une barricade,
 En nous disant — Adieu pauvres orphelins.

IV

Ma pauvre soeur, ignorant ce silence,
Lui dit encore — Relève-toi maman.
Ne voulant pas effrayer l'innocente,
Je ne dis rien; je regarde en pleurant,
Me résignant fis appeler ma mère.
Il me semblait qu'elle me tendait les bras,
Mais elle avait abandonné la terre.
Prenez pitié des enfants orphelins.

V

—Venez, venez, venez dans ma chaumière,
Dit ce vieillard.—Moi, je vous nourrirai.
Je prends pitié de votre abjecte misère;
Vos parents morts — Moi, je les remplacerais.
Dieu seul est bon; c'est lui qui m'encourage.
Disant ces mots il pris par la main.
Depuis ce jour dans ce petit village
Vivent heureux les enfants orphelins.

LA CHANSON DE L'ORPHELINE

I

Ma pauvre enfant qui toujours mande
Pour composer mes modestes repas
Pour terminer ma cruelle agonie!
Le jour, la nuit j'appelle le trépas.
Pourquoi, mon Dieu, me laisses-tu la vie?
J'attends la mort, mais la mort ne vient pas.
Hélas, je suis une pauvre orpheline,
Toujours priante, toujours pleurante.
O Dieu, puissant, que ta bonté divine
Me rejette au néant, me rejette néant.

II

J'avais six ans lorsque ma pauvre mère
Perdit la vie en amenant ma soeur.
En février je vis tomber mon père
Dont la fraîcheur tua mon protecteur.
Qu'ai-je donc fait au divin créateur
Pour qu'il me laisse seul sur cette terre?
Hélas, je suis une pauvre orpheline,
Toujours priante, toujours pleurante

III

Riches passants, vous riez de mes peines;
Vous oubliez un enfant de malheur.

Vous m'offriez vos montres et vos chaînes
 Si je voulais vous vendre mon honneur.
 Gardez, messieurs, vos belles bourses pleines!
 Riches ingrats! vous n'avez pas de coeurs.
 Toujours priante, toujours pleurante . . .

IV

Riche! dormez, dormez, l'heure est venue.
 Reposez-vous sur vos lits somptueux.
 Moi, pauvre enfant, au coin de cette rue,
 En sanglotant je vais fermer les yeux.
 Je meurs déjà, mais le froid me tue.
 J'irais rejoindre mes parents dans les cieux.
 Merci, mon Dieu, je meurs, pauvre orpheline,
 Toujours priante, toujours pleurante . . .

A touching song of scorned love, *Amour constant*, still seems to enjoy some popularity among the Louisiana French folk.

AMOUR CONSTANT

I

Au bal, je le revis; mon âme était émue.
 Nous étions, l'un à l'autre étrange, dormi.
 Il vient, il me parlat (sic), je palis à sa vue.
 Il m'appelat madame—hélas, mais je pleurais.
 Mon coeur était le même; à lui seule j'étais chère.
 Une autre s'est offert à lui je dus m'unir.
 (Le refrain)
 Pleurant à tes genoux, je t'implorais ma mère,
 Ta vœux obéis, je n'ai plus qu'à mourir.

II

Un jour je le revis. Une autre jeune fille,
 Belle et tendre et modeste, avait fixé son choix.
 Il l'entourait de soins; il l'appelait Camille.
 Il lui parlait d'amour ses yeux et de la voix.
 Depuis qu'ils sont unis que faire sur la terre!
 Le passé m'importune autant que l'avenir.

III

Un jour longtemps après, je le revis encore.
 Dans les bras de Camille un enfant souriais,
 Mais je cachais mes yeux qu'une larme dévore.
 J'osais lui demander comment il s'appelait.
 L'enfant portait mon nom que lui donnât son père.
 Hélas, il s'en souvient combien il doit souffrir.

IV

Un jour il vient me voir: j'étais en robe noir.
J'avais perdu l'époux que vous m'aviez donné.
À l'aspect de mon deuil, il palit à la mémoire
D'une qui loin de moi le tenait enchainé.
Je suis libre et tranquille. Il est époux et père.
Je puis le rappeler, mais il ne peut revenir.

Another lament teeming with sentimentality is *Le Depart d'une mariee*, a song which has many a counterpart in Victorian music.

LE DEPART D'UNE MARIEE

I

Il faut partir—la destinée l'ordonne.
Il faut quitter tout ce qui m'est si cher,
Mais au devoir a mon âme pardonné
Le dernier cri de mon chagrin amer.
Sans mumuré laissez couler mes larmes;
Laissez mon coeur escaler (sic) sa douleur;
Mais permets-lui au milieu des alarmes
De conserver l'espérance du bonheur.

II

Il faut quitter une mère chérie.
De son amour il faut donc marracher (sic).
Je ne dois point près d'elle passer ma vie;
Soin de ses bras le sort veut m'escaler.
Demain, hélas, sa tendresse inquiète
Plus d'une fois cherchera son enfant.
Et sur ma place, si son regard s'arrête,
Plus d'une larme coulera lentement.

III

Et toi, mon père dont la vive tendresse
De ton enfant embellisse le jour,
Et de ma mère adouci la tristesse
Présents lui l'espérance du retour.
Tu lui dirai pour calmer sa souffrance
Que dans ses bras Dieu me ramènera.
Tu lui peindras la douce réjouissance
Dans laquelle nos coeurs verseras.

IV

Et vous, mes soeurs, mes compagnes fidèles,
De votre amie recevez les adieux;
Et quand le sort loin de vos bras l'appelle,
Plus d'une larme s'échappera de ses yeux.

Vous, tous amis (sic) de la pauvre exilée,
 Dans vos coeurs gardez le souvenir
 Et que toujours une tendre pensée
 Pour le bonheur entretienne le désir.

The last song in the collection has a Gothic quality which is not unusual in folk literature.

LE REMORD (sic) D'EMOND

I

À minuit, à l'heure effrayante
 Où l'airain frémit douze fois,
 Que le spectre de la famille errante
 Sois du tombeau à cette voix.
 Edmond, qui le remord agite,
 Cherche en vain le repos que le fuit.
 L'ombre pâle de Marguerite
 Vient s'asseoir au pied de son lit (bis).

II

—Regarde, Edmond, c'est moi, dit elle,
 —Moi, qui t'aimait, qui tu trompa,
 Et dont la tendresse éternelle
 Suivit encore à mon trépas.
 J'avais cru ta faible promesse.
 Je te fis le maître de mon sort.
 Et pour prix de ma tendresse
 Devais-tu me donner la mort (bis).

III

—Hier dans un palais superbe;
 Aujourd'hui dans un noir cercueil!
 Ma demeure est cachée sous l'herbe,
 Et ma parure un linceul.
 Tu m'abandonne et je succombe;
 Mais entraîne pas le destin:
 Le remord vient s'ouvrir.
 Tu dois descendre avec moi (bis).

IV

Du corps la voix sonore,
 C'est pour moi un signal d'effroi.
 Adieu celle qui te fit chère.
 De plainte pardonne-moi l'attente.

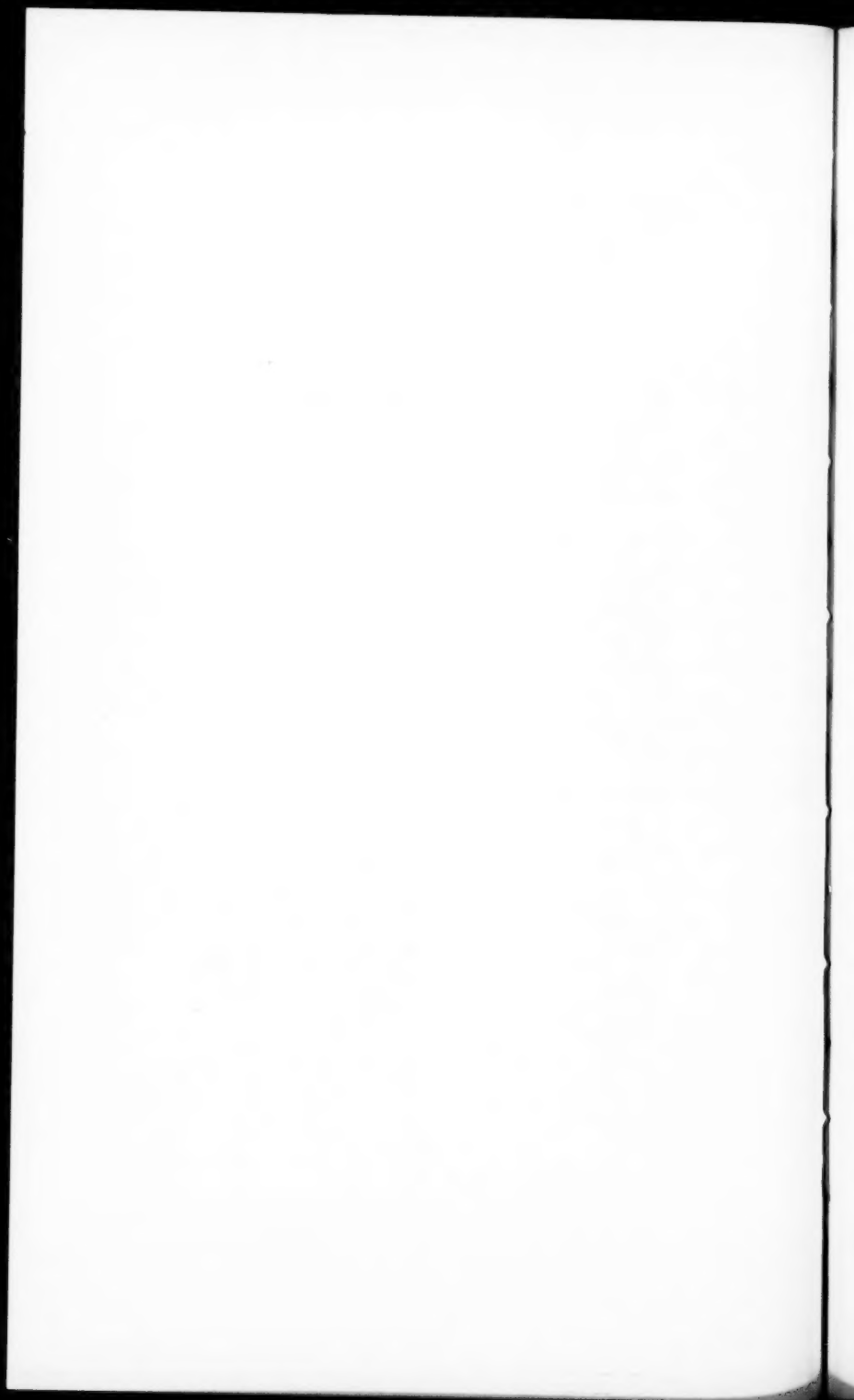
Demain tu reverra l'aurore,
Mais c'est le dernier (la dernière) pour toi.
À ces mots l'ombre perce la terre
Et disparaît en gémissant (bis).

V

Edmond, immobile en silence
A vu ce prodige effrayante.
De son lit soudain il s'élance
Défiguré, prate (sic), et tremblant.
Il court, appelle Marguerite,
Et sa voix pousse des cris aiguës (sic).
Sur sa tombe il se précipite.
On le relève; il n'était plus (bis).

The Cajuns of Louisiana still possess a plethora of folk traditions which combine the cultural heritage they received from their forefathers and the frontier ruggedness of America. Perhaps this war will obliterate much of the European element in the lore of this interesting group — just one of the many fascinating racial fusions of American and European peoples. But, if the war does push the past farther away from the present, the folksongs of the Cajuns will help to recall the contribution of French culture to America, just as the negro songs bring back the Old South.

Ottawa University (Kansas).



THE WITCH BRIDLE¹

by

John Harrington Cox

The following tale, collected under the auspices of the West Virginia Folklore Society, was taken down from the telling of Miss Sarah Alice Barnes, Bruceton Mills, Preston County, on April 10, 1916. Miss Barnes learned it from hearing it told in the community.

The folktale motives in the tale are identifiable in Stith Thompson's *Motif Index of Folk Literature* FFC 106, 107, 108, 109, 116, 117 as follows: G200's Witch motives in general; G224.2 Witch's salve — source of magic power; cf. *JAF*L, XIV, 41 (Western Maryland) Witches rub themselves with rabbit's fat and fly up the chimney, also *JAF*L, XXVII, 306 (New York) Witches grease themselves and fly out of chimney, and *JAF*L, XLVII, no. 186, p. 298 (North Carolina) Use of ointment on body to give power of flight; G241 Witch rides calves; cf. *JAF*L, XXVII, 306 (New York) Witches ride calves and man duplicates the feat; G243 Witch's sabbath; D410 General transformation of one animal to another calf to red lizzard; G211.2 Witch in form of cat; G269.3 Witch harnesses man and leads him to dance; cf. *JAF*L, XIV, 39 (Western Maryland) Man ridden by witches to a ball; G276 Escape from witch; D722 Disenchantment by taking off bridle; D535 similar; G241.2 Man rides witch; cf. *JAF*L, XXII, 251 (Virginia) Witch bridled and ridden by man; D312 Cat transformed to human witch form on skipping on her own doorsill; G250 Recognition of witch when she returns from cat to human form; G263 Witch bewitches boy; G263 Witch bewitching man, with tin pan, and incantations; D1170 Magic utensils and implements; D1171.1 Magic pot brightly scoured shining pan; D1273 Incantations to weave a witch's spell; D1385.4 Silver bullet protects against witch; cf. *JAF*L, XIV, 42 (Western Maryland) Silver bullet used to drive away witches; D2061.2.2 Murder by sympathetic magic (witch is killed by shooting a silver bullet through a picture of her on paper); cf. *JAF*L, XXII, 251 (Virginia) Man shoots witch with a silver bullet made from a ha'penny; *ibid.* One of the two methods of retaliation when conjured was by shooting the image of the one to be punished.

¹ To Francis Ghigo, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, is due the credit for relating the motives in this tale to the folktale motives of Stith Thompson's *Motif Index of Folk Literature* and to similar motives in the published tales of the *Journal of American Folklore*. (Editor.)

The silver bullet motive as a charm against bodily injury has been effectively used for plot motivation in Eugene O'Neill's *The Emperor Jones*.

Old Braham lived in a one-room log house close to the Cheat River, somewhere above Albrightsville, Preston County. In one corner of the house was a big-old-fashioned open fireplace, and in the opposite corner was his bed.

Once upon a time just about midnight, he awoke from his first dream to hear men talking in his room. He knew that they thought he was asleep, and in order to find out what was going on, he concluded not to let them know that he was awake. By this means he soon found out their errand. He caught every word they said, although they talked in a low voice, and by the dim light that flickered from the charred embers of the fireplace, he saw everything they did out of one corner of his eye.

The intruders were six out of a band of seven witch-men of that community, who kept their witch bridles and their bowl of magic ointment under old Braham's hearthstone. He inferred from their conversation that any one who could put one of the witch bridles on an animal or a person was able to turn that animal or person into a horse and subject it entirely to his will. Furthermore, any one who rubbed some of the ointment three times on his forehead between the eyes and also on his throat, and then made a cross three times with it over his heart, could fly like a bird. Old Braham also gathered from the men's talk their business there that evening was to ride off his calves, as they had frequently done before, to a witches' meeting somewhere up on Scraggly Mountain several miles away.

As the seventh witch-man had not come, the other six got ready for their trip without him. They rolled back the big hearthstone and each took one of the bridles for himself and laid it aside. Then they all anointed themselves with the ointment out of the bowl and replaced the hearthstone. Taking up their bridles again, the first witch-man waved his arms and flew up the chimney; another man waved his arms and flew up the chimney; a third waved his arms and flew up the chimney; a fourth waved his arms and flew up the chimney; and the other two did likewise.

Out of the chimney all the witch-men flew, down over the yard and into the calf lot. The head witch-man bridled the big spotted calf and jumped on its back; down the calf lot it went, jumped the fence, and

has
The
ran down the road. The second man bridled the big red calf and mounted it; down the lot it went, jumped the fence and ran down the road. The third man bridled the big black calf and swung himself upon its back; down the lot it went, jumped the fence and ran down the road. The fourth witch-man bridled the big brown calf and mounted its back; down the lot it went, jumped the fence, and ran down the road. The fifth witch-man bridled up the big roan calf, leaped upon its back, and prodded it with his spur; down the lot it went, jumped the fence, and ran down the road. Not much choice was left for the sixth man, only the little white calf and the little red calf. The white being the prettier, he chose that, bridled it and jumped upon its back; down the lot it went, jumped the fence and ran down the road as the others had done, all bound for Scraggly Mountain.

In the meantime old Braham no longer pretended to be asleep, but had arisen and was making some investigations on his own account. He resolved that he, too, would turn witch, take advantage of his newly-acquired knowledge, and ride to Scraggly Mountain that night. The hearthstone was heavy, but he was strong and succeeded in dislodging it. He drew out the remaining witch-bridle, anointed himself with the ointment in the bowl, and replaced the stone. Then as he had seen the witch-men do, he flapped his arms, flew up the chimney, over the yard, and down into the calf lot. He bridled the little red calf, the only one left, and jumped on its back; down the lot it went, jumped the fence, and ran down the road at a death pace, determined to overtake the other calves, all bound for Scraggly Mountain.

So fast the little red calf ran with old Braham on its back, that by the time the others had left the road and run across a piece of fallow land to Nixon's Ford, it was in sight of them. Old Braham watched his other calves with the witch-men on their backs leap the stream. The big spotted calf cleared it with apparent ease. The big red calf, the big black calf, the big brown calf, did the same. The big roan calf, being a little smaller, barely cleared the stream, one of her hind feet coming down in the sand and water. The little white calf made a great bound, jumped nearly across, waded out, and climbed the steep bank on the other side.

By this time old Braham on the little red calf was at the ford. He had seen how the smaller ones of the other calves had barely made the leap across, but his calf, the smallest of all, had certainly out-run all the rest

and he determined to make the effort. So he bumped the little red calf in the sides with both the heels of his boots and it made a tremendous spring forward. But the great effort it made caused it to leap sideways and it came down in the middle of the stream on a fallen tree that served as a foot-log. When the calf with old Braham on its back struck the log, it burst and rolled over into the water. Old Braham managed to hold on to the witch-bridle with one hand and grasp the foot-log with the other. The bridle pulled out of the mouth of the calf, which turned into a red lizard and sank into the stream.

With the bridle still in his hand, old Braham managed to pull himself up on to the fallen tree. But no sooner did he find himself safely anchored on the log, than down from above out of a tree, jumped a big blue cat, right on to his back. Its weight was so heavy that old Braham was considerably stunned when it struck him; and before he had time to realize what had crashed down upon his unprotected back, the cat had seized the witch-bridle, slipped it into his mouth, and mounted him. "Ho!" said the big blue cat. "I'll get to ride to the witch meeting yet. Old man, if you wanted to burst your little red calf so that I could not ride him, well and good. I'll just ride you in his stead. I knew that one of the seven witch-men was not along with the rest. Now for Scraggly Mountain. Ho! come up!"

The cat gave the witch-bridle a big twitch and slapped old Braham smartly on one side of the face with one big blue paw, and then on the other side of the face with the other paw. There was nothing that old Braham could do except to crawl off on his hands and feet as the big blue cat's horse. He scrambled off the log, up the steep stony bank, and climbed the high, tiresome mountain, the big blue cat jumping up and down on his back, jerking the bridle, clucking to him to go faster and striking him with his claws and the end of the bridle rein. When they came near the place where the witches' meeting was to be held, the big blue cat rode his horse up to a tree and tied him so as to be in readiness when the frolic was over and he wanted to ride back.

The revel lasted a long time, but at last the big blue cat returned, very weary. He found old Braham still tied up securely to the tree, just where he had left him. The old cat, being tired and sleepy, concluded to lie down and rest awhile before he rode down the mountain. Accordingly, he stretched himself out under a neighboring tree and went to sleep.

While the big blue cat was asleep, old Braham began to think some on his own account. If he could only get the witch-bridle out of his own mouth and slip it into the cat's! He concluded to try it and after a great effort succeeded in slipping the bit. Then he stepped over stealthily to where the big cat slept. Cautiously he slipped the bit into his mouth, gave the rein a great jerk, and shook him awake. The big blue cat awoke in a fit of temper at such rough treatment and began to growl and to strike with his paws.

"Oh, no", said old Braham softly. "I was your horse up the mountain, now I guess you'll be mine down. Turn about is only fair play. Since I carried you up, it is only right that you carry me down. And since it is much easier to carry a load down hill than it is to carry it up, I shall have to ask you to carry me the rest of the way home in order to even up with you."

No amount of pleading on the part of the cat availed, and so they set off down the mountain, the old blue cat carrying old Braham. The old man was heavy and the cat lost all his courage and bravado when he found he was conquered. His paws gave out and began to bleed, so that old Braham had to stop at a blacksmith shop and have him shod. Then they went on again, the old blue cat bending and groaning under his great load.

When old Braham was nearly home, the old blue cat drew up before a dilapidated hut and wanted to turn in there. Since he had carried the old man so well, Braham's heart was considerably eased and his hatred of the cat a great deal lessened. It was not very much farther to his house and he concluded to let the old blue cat go and walk the rest of the way home. He dismounted, but kept the witch-bridle firmly in the cat's mouth, which, with old Braham at his side, made straight for the door of the hut. As soon as he stepped upon the door sill, he was transformed into an old witch woman. The old witch had quickly turned on Braham with a smile of triumph on her evil face and said, "Um huh! you see who I am! I am an old witch. I'll bewitch you and you'll die."

"Um huh! and you see who I am", replied old Braham. "I'm your master; I've still got the witch bridle in your mouth. It's a good plan not to crow until you're out of the woods. I am going to chain you up to that staple in the wall in there, then go home and make a silver bullet, and come back and shoot you."

The old witch lamented and pleaded and pleaded for her freedom and her life, but old Braham was obstinate.

He tied her with a chain to the staple and went home to mould the silver bullet.

Soon after old Braham left, the sun came up and it was full day. Then there came a man to the old witch to plead with her to unwitch his son, "Shonny", whom she had bewitched the evening before. The child was in the first throes of the pains of witchcraft, but as he had been bewitched less than twenty-four hours, the old witch did not as yet suffer any pains, not seeing him. When the man looked in and saw the old witch chained to a staple in the wall, he was at first much gratified. However, she soon began to blarney and to try to make terms of peace with him. In her slyest way she told him she would unwitch "Shonny" and never work any of her spells on his family again if he would release her. In proof of her good faith, she drew a silver ring from the index finger of her left hand and gave it to the man. Thereupon, he went out, but returned in a short time with a sharp stone. With this he cut a link in the chain that bound the old witch and she was free. Then the man departed for home.

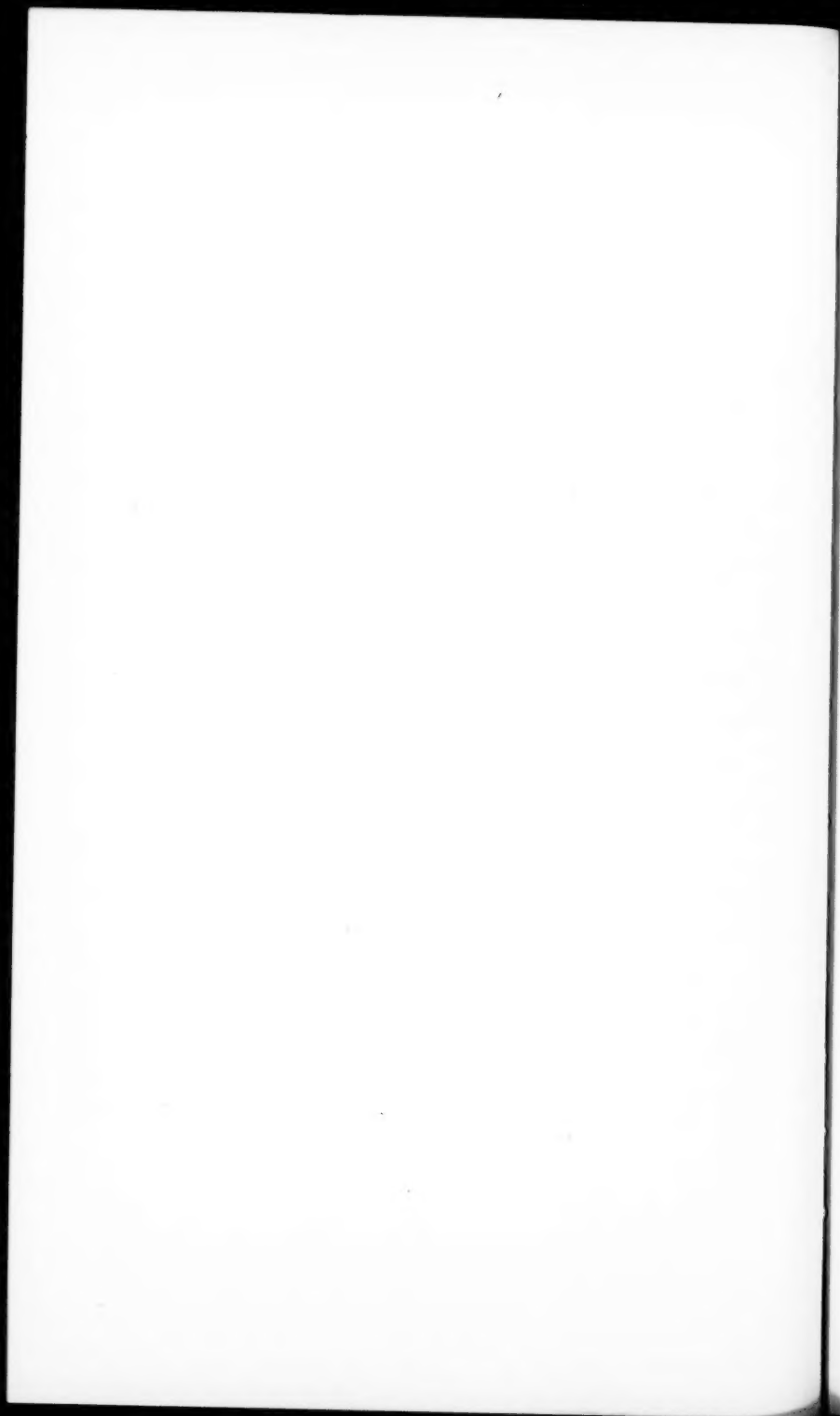
No sooner was he gone than the old woman hobbled across to an old wooden cupboard that stood in one corner of the hut. She reached up and from above the cupboard took down a brightly scoured shining tin pan, her witch pan, by means of which she worked her spells. With a leer, she sat down on her door sill in the bright sunshine. The rays that glanced off the bright tin pan were too dazzling for the ordinary eye to behold, but the old witch, whose eyes had been hardened to it by the devil, looked steadily at the bright tin in order to weave her spell. She tapped the pan with her ring finger, saying as she tapped, "One, two, three". Then she began to mutter her incantations: "I, here on this brightly scoured tin pan consecrate myself anew to the devil and put my soul in thralldom to him on condition that old Ebenezer Braham shall die as surely as the sun shall set this evening and rise tomorrow morning, and that he shall be in pain, unendurable pain, henceforth till he die, so help me dev-."

But while the old witch was working her spell on old Braham, old Braham himself was not idle. He had run home to make the silver bullet with which to shoot the old witch as he told her he would do. A good deal of time passed before he got his bullet done and put it into his gun. He had also drawn a crude picture of the old witch on a piece of paper. While she was muttering her incantations, old Braham felt the spell coming over him. Quickly seizing his gun and the paper picture,

he ran out through the open door, hung the picture on a tree, and running back a short distance, took aim and fired. The silver bullet pierced the heart of the picture of the old witch and sunk into the bark of the tree.

Just as the bullet struck the heart of the picture of the old witch, she was sitting in her doorway over the bright tin pan, saying her last word, "devil". Suddenly, she clapped her hand to her heart and cried out, "O my God! I'm shot! I'm killed!" and fell back dead.

University of West Virginia.



QUAKER WEDDING CEREMONY

by

Mrs. S. Sampson

The following description of a 19th century Quaker wedding ceremony was procured by Dr. F. C. Hayes, of Guilford College, from Mrs. S. Sampson, an elderly member of the Society of Friends. The language is from Mrs. Sampson's own telling. (EDITOR).

My father, a widower of seven years standing, and my mother, a maiden of twenty-seven, became attracted to each other, and as is often the case eventually made up their minds. Both were devout members of the Quaker Church. These two individuals were each well respected in their community; therefore it would naturally be supposed that they were each sufficiently mature to have accomplished their marriage without delay.

But the Quakers have rather stringent views concerning the matter of marriage, and these two worthy members had it in their hearts to marry "according to meeting," which meant in unity with the regulations of the Religious Society of Friends as set forth in rules of discipline. So according to long-standing custom these two aspirants to matrimony informed their Monthly Meeting that they intended marriage with each other. This Meeting entered the proposal on their minutes and a committee was appointed consisting of five prominent members, including both women and men, who in a body visited the two friends under consideration to confer with them concerning their plans and prospects and to ascertain as to whether there was a former engagement on the part of either that would hinder the proposed marriage. This committee would also expect to see that all business transactions on the part of either were in harmony with the rules of Quaker discipline.

At the following Monthly Meeting convening on the 6th of 2nd month, 1862,¹ this committee submitted a favorable report, viz, that they had visited the two friends and no obstruction had appeared to their being allowed to accomplish their marriage.

Under the rules of the Discipline, a marriage had to be solemnized in a mid-week meeting appointed by the Monthly Meeting. In that case a committee of four, two men and two women members, were appointed to attend the marriage, to see that it was properly conducted, and report to the next Monthly Meeting to be held in 3rd

¹ Quakers still avoid the pagan names of months and days in their Monthly Meetings for business. (F. C. H.)

month, 1862. Or — if the parties themselves so preferred, they would be allowed to speak their vows at the same Monthly Meeting that granted them liberty to accomplish their marriage.

I have always understood that my parents availed themselves of this opportunity.

So at the close of the meeting for business both father and mother were provided with seats on the "facing bench" (facing the congregation). Soon a holy quietness prevailed for several minutes; then a prayer, after which was a brief silence; then the leading minister, *who sat in the gallery*, arose and gave an appropriate exhortation on the sacredness of marriage. A few more minutes of silence when this minister in charge arose and addressed the parties, requesting them to stand and take each other by the right hand — also asking the congregation to arise with them.

Father (the bridegroom) then proceeded with the following old-time Quaker ceremony, *viz*:

In the presence of the Lord and before these witnesses, I take thee Julia D. to be my wife, promising with divine assistance to be unto thee a loving and a faithful husband until death shall separate us.

Mother followed likewise, with a similar vow.² All were then seated. A suitable Friend arose and read their marriage certificate. He then placed the document on a small portable table in front of the bridegroom, who with pen and ink signed his full name at the bottom of the page. The bride was next asked to sign her name adopting the surname of her husband. It was then announced that the certificate would be placed on the table and those who wished could sign their names as witnesses. The certificate was then given in care of the minister in charge, who deposited it in safe-keeping in the court house of the county in which the marriage was consummated. At one time this certificate was accorded by law as sufficient for the Quakers.

A younger sister of my mother was married on that same day of 2nd and 6th of 1862, but not married "according to Meeting", which act ostracized her from this religious group; but she later presented a letter of apology for having departed from the requirements of the church. This restored her to perfect unity.

Guilford College.

² Quakers frown on the insertion of the Pauline "obey" into the marriage ceremony. The sexes presumably are equals in all things. (F. C. H.)

A COMPARISON OF CHEROKEE AND PIONEER BIRD-NOMENCLATURE

by

A. L. Pickens

Without either seriously influencing the other, side by side in the shadows of the Southern Appalachians, the language spoken by the Cherokee Indians and the dialect used by the American pioneers are slowly dying. For a number of years I had been collecting Cherokee words, especially place names, as well as obsolescent English expressions, when it occurred to me that for several conspicuous song birds the ethnologists had found no Cherokee name. Dr. John R. Swanton, to whom I appealed in the matter, suggested taking the matter up directly with the Cherokee medicine men and with others on the reservation. Following his suggestion I visited the Cherokee reservation and met William West Long, or Ganuheda, also spelled Ganuhida, an intelligent Cherokee Indian, who added greatly to my list of bird-names and shed much new light on names already recorded. As a result of this first-hand information, it became evident that earlier workers apparently made several errors owing to a lack of ornithological information.

There are several deductions that may be made from a comparison of the following lists of Cherokee and Pioneer bird-names. Material for linguistic study as well as for psychological research is afforded by the lists. Moreover, it would seem to indicate that, in this field at least, the Cherokee is from forty to fifty per cent more efficient in distinguishing and making mental note of natural objects about him than is his white neighbor in similar surroundings. Some further comparisons may be ventured. Ignoring imported European names and Cherokee names of which the meaning has been lost beyond plausible conjecture, both races are inclined to name the larger number of birds from the sounds produced. But while white names incline to a majority of merely descriptive names like mocking-bird, humming-bird, etc., with a minority of onomatopes, the Cherokee inclines to the reverse. Such we expect of a primitive and less extensive vocabulary. In this list there is a distinction made between two forms of onomatopes; those in which an attempt is made to render the natural sound as in "Qua" and "Chicadee," and those in which the sound is rendered into some human word or phrase, as in "Kill-deer" and "Bob-white." The first type is *phusiphonic*

(Gr. *phusis* + *phonic*) "nature-sounds" and the second *logophonic* (Gr. *logos* + *phonic*) "word-" or "speech-sounds." The latter are more abundant in the Cherokee than in the pioneer English, and many now apparently only phusiphonic may once have been logophonic, for the meanings of many words are hopelessly lost. Shortened by generations of use, others are now unintelligible.

With both races, color and markings of the bird rank second as a source of names, and this and the preceding source account for almost half the white man's names and rather more than half of the Cherokee's. The bird's form figures third as a name source with these Indians, but here a comparison with the white pioneer names is difficult, for most imported European names are really given for similar forms seen in the Old World, though color also figures, as for example, Robin Redbreast. The pioneer settlers named many birds from the food the birds eat; however, such names are too often meanly prejudicial. Almost as important are names derived from the bird's habitat, such as Swamp Blackbird. The habitual movement of the bird ranks fourth in supplying Cherokee names, and about fifth or sixth as a source of white pioneer names. The food eaten, the habitat, the size, and the nesting habit follow in order of importance as sources of the red man's names, but with the white man's come the nesting habits, time or season relations, weather reactions, and size, likewise in order.

In spelling, I have respected Ganuhida's preference for *o* as in *not*, rather than *a* as in *father* used by some authorities. At other times I have felt constrained to use his smoother English translation, rather than the literal which may have contained elements I regretted to see unrecorded.

Given below are bird-names, first in bird-book English, followed by the English term as found on and around a pioneer Piedmont farm. After the Piedmont name there is given the Cherokee name, followed, where possible, by its meaning or by a similar term for comparison. The order of presentation follows the American Ornithologists' Union check list.

1. Pied-billed Grebe. Hell-diver; didapper. No name found.
2. Great Blue Heron. Blue Crane. *Nunda-dikani*. Usually translated as "It looks at the sun," or "sun-gazer," Ganuhida renders this "He has moon- or sun's eyes," and the name applies to the Green Heron, the Black-crowned Night Heron, and the Bittern.
3. Egret, and Little Blue Heron. White Crane. *Kanasgawi-unegu*, or *Kanaswa*. *Unegu* is "white," and the second name may be a shortened form of the first. Egret wings were once used in

peace ceremonials, and since the young, white stage of the Little Blue Heron (the "White Crane") has a tinge of blackish on the wing tips there may have been a clearer distinction in early days.

4. Green Heron. Shike-poke. (See under Great Blue Heron).
5. Black-crowned Night Heron. Its nocturnal note attributed to Wild Goose. (See Great Blue Heron).
6. Canada Goose. Wild Goose. *Sa-sa*. A phusiphonic onomatopoe. Cf. "Honk honk." (For distinction between "phusiphonic" and "logophonic," see discussion at beginning of article).
7. Blue Goose. Wild Goose. *Dagulku sakoni*. The first is spelled in various ways and may be a logophonic onomatopoe, the bird crying to Cherokee ears, "Tugalu!" a word much like "Toogalo," meaning "forest people," or again merely "two" in the Chickasaw and Choctaw areas.
8. Mallard. Wild Duck. *Udani*, or *Kawan*. Last phusiphonic, and comparable to "quank!" Ganuhida said they had many kinds of ducks but only a few special names.
10. Swan. Swan. *Utli*, or "awl," the outline when flying resembling the ancient Amerind stone awl. The neck and head make the awl proper, the wings and expanded tail the handle.
11. Turkey Vulture. Turkey Buzzard. *Suli*. A name borrowed from the Creeks, and probably phusiphonic for the swishing sound of the wings, *suli, suli*, when rising. This imitative sound is used by the medicine men in one formula to represent the flying vulture.
12. Blackheaded Vulture. Carrion Crow. Unnamed by Cherokee.
13. Goshawk. No name, since unknown for the area. *Tlanuwa*, or *Sunnewa*, depending on the dialect, Upper or Middle; the meaning, "swift plumage," according to Ganuhida. This is a semi-mythical bird, and at times in the legends assumes roc-like proportions. Souvenir war-clubs still bear blue streaks placed there to celebrate the victory of an olden group of warriors when the giant bird was brought to earth and burned to ashes. It is possible that this legend harks back to a time, when the Cherokee people further north knew the Goshawk and bore its memory southward in their migrations.
14. Sharp-shin Hawk. Blue Darter, also Cooper's Hawk. *Sanuwa usdia*, also of Pigeon Hawk; meaning "Small Sanuwa, or Tlanuwa".
15. Red-tailed Hawk. Hen Hawk. *Tawodegua*, which means either "big hawk" or "love-sick" which is possibly logophonic, for the bird's call.
16. Red-shouldered Hawk. Rabbit Hawk. Probably confused with the preceding, or the next, but the *Digatiski* represents the "brown Rabbit Hawk."

17. Marsh Hawk. Not distinguished. *Digaguanuida*, meaning "long-tailed."
18. Golden Eagle. Eagle. *Awoheli*, distinguished as *Tsiwoduhe tsugidutli*, "pretty-feathered."
19. Bald Eagle. Eagle. *Awoheli*, distinguished as *Unegu askoli*, "white-headed," and not so much in esteem as the preceding whose feathers are ceremonially valuable. *Awoheli* may be a corruption of the Chickasaw *Ooole* perhaps borrowed through the Creeks. Further south, as with the Cherokees, the Bald Eagle was not esteemed.
20. Osprey. Fish Hawk. *Kanutsuwa*, meaning "much claws" and "mud-dog catcher," suggested by the name, but may be no more than fairly comparable guesses.
21. Sparrow Hawk. Sparrow Hawk, or Killee. *Gigi*, onomatope.
22. Ruffed Grouse. Pheasant. *Tluntisti*, perhaps "panther-like."
23. Bobwhite. Bobwhite. *Gugwe*. Onomatope.
24. Turkey. Wild Turkey. *Duletsi*, "kernel-neck;" *Galisgia*, "dancer" (male); *Guna*. cf. *guni*, arrow.
25. Coot. Mud-hen; also applied to Rails. *Digagwani*, meaning "cripple legs."
26. Woodcock. Woodcock, to hunters. *Galusayoha*. Cf. *Galisgia*, "dancer" and *agaluga*, "thou whirlwind!"
27. Snipe. Snipe. *Tsagousta*. Perhaps some reference to its sharp beak.
28. Greater and Lesser Yellow-legs. Neither named. *Guwisguwi*; *Kanasgawi*. Compare with *kaneskewodi*, brown grass or broom-sedge *Andropogon virginicus*; perhaps the bitterns were first named from a similar color of plumage, and then these birds, from a general resemblance of form, to the bitterns.
29. Sandpiper. No name. *Kanustuwa*. May have reference to pecking, or picking up.
30. Killdeer. Killdeer. *Tsoustowa*. May refer to stripes.
31. Herring Gull. No name. *Tsasquayi*. Suggests *tsisqua*, bird, and *Tsisquaya*, meaning "most widely found bird," the latter usually applied to the sparrow.
32. Passenger Pigeon. Wild Pigeon. *Wayi*, meaning "hand to hand," an expression which Ganuhida thought might mean a great number.
33. Mourning Dove. Turtle Dove. *Gulediskinihi*, meaning "it cries for acorns!" or "acorn-crier." The note "Gule" which we render "coo" seems to the Cherokee ear to be a plea for acorns. This and the species above are the ones mentioned in the account of the presentation of Christ in the temple, and this is mentioned as the one at the baptism of Christ as these events are described in the Cherokee New Testament.
34. Yellow-billed Cuckoo. Raincrow. *Datluga*. Probably an onom-

atope. *Dal-kagwu-degu* is another form from which the first may have been shortened, however.

35. Screech Owl. Scrooch (Sic) Owl. *Wahuhu*. An onomatope.
36. Horned Owl. Hooting Owl. *Ats'kili*, that is, "wizard" or "witch," perhaps logophonic.
37. Barred Owl. Laughing Owl. *Ugugu*, or *Ukuku*. An onomatope.
38. Whippoorwill. Whippoorwill. *Waguli*. An onomatope, but apparently derived from some northern source rather than a southern. Cf. with *wekoalis* heard among eastern Indians.
39. Chuck-will's-widow. Dutch Whippoorwill. Rare or absent in the Cherokee country.
40. Nighthawk. Bullbat. *Kalisdoga*, referring to sharp or long wings.
41. Chimney Swift. Chimney Sweep. *Anigasta*, or *Anigostayi*, "sharp." Probably refers to spindle-like form of the bird while flying, since it does so with a closed, rather than expanded, tail.
42. Ruby-throat. Humming-bird, and even Hominy-bird! *Walelu*, meaning "rolling sound." This term is related to that used of a dog wallowing and giving a grunting growl of comfort, and probably also of stones rolling over bare rock., etc. The bird's actual voice in one of the legends is represented as speaking the Cherokee word for tobacco, "Tsalu." This can be so pronounced as to sound very much like the Ruby throat's call.
43. Kingfisher. Probably often confused with Shike-poke. *Tsatlo*. Seems to imitate note. In earlier works is found the form *Tsulu*, but still earlier, in a list of the Cherokee delegates sent to Philadelphia by General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney and General Andrew "Skyagunsta" Pickens, is one called *Chutloh*, the Kingfisher. Cf. also with *atsuti*, "fish."
44. Flicker. Yellow-hammer. *Unegada*, meaning "white soil." This probably has reference to the bird's love of clear or white spaces where it can pick up ants.
45. Pileated Woodpecker. Indian Hen. *Guquogi*. (When asked if this had special meaning Ganuhida answered, "Just imitates.")
46. Red-bellied Woodpecker. Apparently regarded as a hybrid between the Yellow Hammer and the Red-headed Woodpecker, when it is noticed at all. *Tsa-tsa*. Plainly an onomatope.
47. Red-headed Woodpecker. Shirt-tail, because the large white spot behind appeared to old observers like a white shirt-tail hanging out over the trousers. *Dalala*. Probably onomatope.
48. Yellow-bellied Sapsucker. Sapsucker. *Tsuliena*, meaning "deaf." This name is applied by Mooney to the White-breasted Nuthatch. Ganuhida places it here. One explanation is that the bird permits so close an approach that it is esteemed deaf,

another, that the call of the nuthatch resembles *Tsu-tsu-tsu-tsuliēna*. As with some of the whites, there may be a confusion of names between the species.

49. Downy, and Hairy Woodpeckers. "Sapsuckers." *Tsiquenutsa*. Cf. *Tsisqua*, meaning "bird" plus some unknown descriptive word.
50. Kingbird. Bee-martin. *Dilequa*. Apparently the bird is supposed to call, "Big Skunk!"
51. Crested Flycatcher. Laughing, or Rain Bird. *Gulisguli*, meaning unknown.
52. Phoebe. Usually unnoticed, and for much of the area present only in winter, more common in summer about reservation. *Tsisgayagatsosdi*, meaning "bird looking for flies."
53. Acadian Flycatcher. Not named. *Henilu*, meaning "sure gets" or "lucky," (translated literally, by Ganuhida).
54. Wood Pewee. "Kuekedoo" applied here by one native. *Ulenudu*, signifies "he's lost," and evidently is intended to imitate the bird's notes. (There has doubtless been a tendency to confuse the three last species by some translators. So much alike are they and so poorly distinguished by most laymen, even bird-lovers, that I was surprised at the Cherokee alertness of distinction as shown here.)
55. Bank Swallow. Sand Martin, applied to the similar Rough-wing Swallow; perhaps neither race, in general, distinguish between the two. *Tsoyaga*; name applied also to the Cliff Swallow. The *Gadusi-nunihi-ehi*, or "Mountain Swallow" may refer to the last. The name for Barn Swallow, *Tsudi-quana-tsuga* startlingly suggests "detached peaches (or plums) many together," and may refer to the arrangement of nests either of this or of the Cliff Swallow.
56. Purple Martin. Gourd Martin, from use of gourds as martin houses. *Tsu-tsu*; *Thu-thu*. Onomatope.
57. Blue Jay. Jay-bird. *Tsayaga*. Onomatope.
58. Raven. Not known. *Kolanu*, meaning "taking flesh out of bones."
59. Crow. Crow. *Kagu*. Onomatope.
60. Chickadee. Tomtit. *Tsikilili*. Onomatope.
61. Tufted Titmouse. No name. *Utsugi*, meaning "crest" or "top-knot."
62. White-breasted Nuthatch. No name; may be confused with Sapsucker. *Duweyalo*. (See Sapsucker.) The same name is applied to Red-breasted Nuthatch, which is very rare in the Piedmont.
63. Brown Creeper. Not named. *Adagoluni*, meaning "wood-tracing."
64. House Wren. Rare in Piedmont. *Ganulatsi*. "Ribs," Ganuhida

translated this, but did not know why it was so called. Perhaps it may be from the bars on the side suggesting the light and shadow effect sometimes seen on a mammal's side when its ribs show.

65. Winter Wren. Not distinguished. *Tsi-tsi*. Onomatope.
66. Carolina Wren. Wren. *Alitama*, an imitation of the notes, may contain the word for water, *ama*. Words containing *m* are very rare in Cherokee. I have been wholly unable to find either printed or spoken a single word that uses the symbol, or letter for the syllable *mu* or *moo*. While the Cherokee New Testament uses *Madu* for the English Matthew it renders Bartholomew, where the symbol might well have been used, by three different names: *Wadalimi*, *Quotalimi*, and *Quadalami*. The *b* sound is also lacking, as is *r* and *th*. Even Ganuhida knew only one name in which *mu* occurs: an Indian family Moody.
67. Mocking-bird. Mocking-bird. *Tsusgo-digiski*, startlingly interpreted "heads it eats" or "head-eater," by both Ganuhida and Will French. This would seem to point to some legend of the Mocking-bird acquiring other birds' voices by eating their heads, and I seem to have a memory of such an explanation from some white source. Investigating carefully, however, I found that this bird and the often carnivorous Loggerhead Shrike, both rare about the reservation, appear to have been confused, a more likely explanation. Rev. Sibbald Smith, a son of Mooney's old host, holds that the bird's name can be explained as referring to its mocking.
68. Catbird. Catbird. *Utsima*. "*Utsi ama!*" or "mother, water!" or "distant water" might each bear investigation, but neither can be written as more than possibly plausible guesses.
69. Brown Thrasher. Thrasher. *Watiyela*. Onomatope, thinks Ganuhida, who remarked on its imitating all kinds of birds. Compare with *wadaga*, "paint," and *ela*, "clay," the paint here, often being of a rufous tinge such as the bird wears. The word may be logophonic.
70. Robin. Robin. *Tsiskwagwa*; *Tsisquola*. Onomatope, Ganuhida thought, but could not guarantee the supposition that the first is *Tsiskwa egwa!* "Great Bird!" seemingly repeated in the bird's song. Compare *Tsisquola* with *Tsisquilisda* under Black-bird.
71. Woodthrush. Surprisingly unnoted in the Piedmont, and probably taken as Brown Thrasher, though Swamp "Sparrow," and perhaps Swamp Robin have been used and one young man gave me the name Swamp Angel picked up, he said, from negroes. *Kawoga*. An onomatope apparently, easily whistled to the bird's lay, perhaps once logophonic; the word for bow is *Kalogwa*, very similar in sound.
72. Veery. Rare and usually unnoticed. *Diyasgithuwisgi*, meaning

- "flopper," or "flapper birds," picturesquely descriptive indeed to those familiar with the nervous wing-flapping practiced by several members of this family. Thus, a name apt to be applied broadly, by the careless.
73. Bluebird. Bluebird. *Tsaquolade*. Onomatope, probably logophonic; a possible guess would be "they have been cut off," and the bluebird mournfully warbles "cut off" over their nesting stumps.
 74. Blue gray Gnatcatcher. Little Mocking-bird. *Disi*. Ganuhida explained, "It says when singing, 'disi, disi, disi.'"
 75. Golden-crowned Kinglet. Not named. *Atsili-u-lis-ditli*, meaning "fire-on-his-head."
 76. Ruby-crowned Kinglet. Not named. *Tatsalaga*, meaning "quick move," and supposedly a mate of the preceding species.
 77. Cedar Waxwing. Cherry bird. *Unoni*; or plural *Uninoyi*. Cf. *Uniye loskoi*, that is, "when they have become like it." May be some reference to harmonious union of a flock.
 78. Loggerhead Shrike. Loggerhead; French Mockers; Cotton-pickers. (See under Mocking-bird for Cherokee name.)
 79. Yellow-throated Vireo. Hanging-nest Bird? Regarded as female of the Blue Headed Vireo.
 80. Blue-headed Vireo. Rare; unnamed. *Diga dulenu*, meaning "has large eyes."
 81. Red-eyed Vireo. Hanging-nest Bird? *Tsugatesanali*, meaning "striped around eyes."
 82. Warbling Vireo. Unknown or rare. Regarded as female of Red-eyed Vireo.
 83. Black-and-White Warbler. Not a single small warbler has won a name; if pointed out dismissed as "Tomtits." *Tsugat-salala*, meaning "striped on head."
 84. Blackburnian Warbler. Unnamed. *Ganugi*, meaning "falling down," perhaps from the darting downward after insects. The name may also have been started from some other species that has an ascending flight and sudden drop with its song, such as Maryland Yellowthroat or the Chat.
 85. Chestnut-sided Warbler. No name. *Tuya*, meaning "bean." The song is a liquid trill followed by a distinctly enunciated two-syllable call evidently heard here as the Cherokee word "bean."
 86. Ovenbird. No name. *Tsulitsota*, meaning "camping bird." Not only does the bird seem to call its name, but it constructs a lodge or tent on the ground to receive its eggs.
 87. Yellow-breasted Chat. Yellow Mocking-bird. *Huhu*. Onomatope.
 88. Redstart. No name. *Awohali iyusdi*, meaning "like an eagle," from its wing and tail markings.

89. English Sparrow. Town Sparrow. *Tsisquayagadulaehi*, signifying "sparrow living in cities."
90. Bobolink. Rice bird. *Tsuquilisda igodasuhi*, meaning "many together living in meadows."
91. Meadow-lark. Field Lark. *Nokwisi*, meaning "star," from the appearance of tail when flying.
92. Redwing Blackbird. Swamp Blackbird. *Tsuquilisda atsuyai*. Regarded as male of the *Tsuquilisda*.
93. Grackle, or Blackbird. Blackbird. *Tsuquilisda*, meaning "many together." This name is also used for the Cowbird, and also for the Purple Finch.
94. Orchard Oriole, and Baltimore Oriole. Hang-nest. *Woledé*. Significance unknown.
95. Scarlet Tanager. Rare; Summer Tanager is "Summer Red-bird." *Tsohala*, for Scarlet Tanager.
96. Cardinal. Red-bird. *Tatsuwa*, meaning "like shouting." A legend makes it the child of the sun, to whom, and to the east, red is especially ascribed in the sacred formulas.
97. Rose-breasted Grosbeak. No name. *Kayusqualana*, meaning "big beak."
98. Indigo Bird. Noticed as a blue-green bird. *Alitsinosga*, meaning "like charcoal."
99. Towhee. Joree, perhaps one name taken over from the lower Cherokee Indians, who used *R* instead of *L*. Thus "Tsalu," tobacco, was *Tsaru*, or *Charu*, which by language adaptations may easily have become Joree. Much of the bird's plumage is of tobacco color. *Tsawisga*, now in use on the reservation is evidently also an onomatope, as is Joree.
100. Goldfinch. Lettuce Bird; Wild Canary. *Wadagu*, meaning "paint."
101. Junco. Snow Bird. *Tuti*. Onomatope.
102. Chipping Sparrow. No name. *Tsisquaya ustia*, meaning "little Sparrow."
103. Field Sparrow. No name. *Tsisquaya atsigili*, meaning "witchcraft sparrow." A striking logophonic onomatope. Whistled properly the syllables above fit into the bird's attractive song.
104. White-throated Sparrow. No name. *Tsuguntagohi*, meaning "scaly around eyes." May be logophonic.
105. Fox Sparrow. No name. *Woguda*. Apparently imitates its note; no meaning known.
106. Song Sparrow. No name. *Tsisquaya*, meaning "most widely found bird." A type of the sparrow group. Note how some other require a modifying term. A less usual name perhaps is *Sigitsowa*, the meaning of which is not known.

f
R
n
a
A

v
l
c
u
d
t
M
t
i
f
n

o
A
b
a
v

c
b
M
y
t

—
“
s
c

A STUDY OF TWO FRENCH TALES FROM LOUISIANA

by

Calvin Claudel

The two following tales are presented as two distinct types of folklore, the first representing a genuine folktale and the second a paraphrased literary version. Both stories are variants of Perrault's "Petit Poucet." They are also variants of Grimm's "Hänsel and Gretel," listed as tale type 327 in Aarne-Thompson's *Types of Folk Tales*.

The name "Petit Poucette" as found in Broussard's version, which is a literary paraphrase of Perrault's "Petit Poucet," is translated as "Tiny Thumbkin." This character is better known in the cycle of Tom Thumb tales among which he likewise appears in France under the name of "Petit Poucet," in Emmanuel Cosquin's *Contes de la Lorraine*. Our traditional English or Celtic version, "The History of Tom Thumb," may be found in F. H. Lee's *Folk Tales of All Nations*. In these versions Tom Thumb is so small that he is able to hide in the mule's ear. He also falls into his mother's batter, hides into unseen places, and is even swallowed up by the cow. He is found in Louisiana-French folklore in this cycle under the same name of "Petit Poucet."¹

Charles Perrault compiled our earliest great modern collection of folktales. Such tales as "Blue Beard" and "Puss in Boots," as Andrew Lang pointed out, have not only lived as literary classics but have also been reabsorbed to become the living folklore of many areas where these tales were perhaps never current until Perrault was read there.

Broussard's version of "Petit Poucet" appears also in Perrault's collection *Histoires ou Contes du Temps Passé, avec Moraliés*, or better known by the subtitle *Contes de ma Mère l'Oye* or *Tales of Mother Goose*, published at Paris in 1697. It was to be some 150 years until the Grimm brothers collected their "Hänsel and Gretel" tale, a variant of Perrault's "Petit Poucet."

A genuine Louisiana version of this tale, "Catafo," we give

¹ There is no justifiable reason for using the feminine French spelling "Poucette." In Louisiana-French the "t" is always sounded in this case, presumably since it survives from Old French, as in the name of the stupid character "Jean Sot."

here from Lafayette Jarreau's collection.² It represents a more direct variant of Perrault's tale than Grimm's "Hänsel and Gretel" does, since it was no doubt brought to Louisiana directly by French settlers. Jarreau collected this version in Pointe Coupée Parish, Louisiana, in 1931. It is, therefore, all the more interesting, since it shows transformations undergone during some 250 years.

In the short compass of this paper it is advisable to make only broadly general statements about certain aspects of this tale type, because no one is more apt to fall into error than a folklorist who makes dogmatic assertions in such cases. As seen in Perrault's version this tale has several major motives. The tale, "Catafo," is quite different. The devil takes the place of the ogre. There is no cap-switching motive. The devil stupidly kills his own children and pursues Catafo and his brothers on a mule. The devil tries to catch them in a sack while they are in a tree, but he is finally caught in the sack himself by the children and beaten to death. Then Catafo and his brothers find a home with the devil's widow.

This version possesses an episode or two found in several African versions, especially the tree-climbing motive. Yet it is not our purpose to ascribe any part of this story as typical of any race or area. Under comparative analysis it is evident that the tale has a myriad of shifting versions found in France, England, Germany, Angola, and in the United States. Among the closer variants are J. Jacobs' "Molly Whuppie" from his *English Fairy Tales*, Heli Chatelain's "The Children of the Widow" and his "Ngana Samba and the Ma-Kishi" from his *Folk-Tales of Angola (Africa)*, J. M. Carrière's "Belle Finette" from his *Tales from the French Folk-Lore of Missouri*, C. L. Edwards' "Greo-Grass an' Hop-O'-My Thumb" in *Bahama Songs and Stories*.

It is also interesting to point out that Petit Poucet in Perrault's tale is supposedly very tiny, but in truth he really does everything a full-sized folk hero would do. Thus in variants of the tale he usually has another name, Hänsel, Jack, Petit Jean, Catafo, etc. It is not unreasonable for us to assume that Perrault mistook Petit Poucet as the hero of his tale when he should have been perhaps Petit Jean or some such character. In any case the tale has no direct connection with the real Petit Poucet or Tom Thumb we know. Also, to our knowledge, this character does not appear anywhere in

² Unpublished M. A. thesis *Creole Folklore of Pointe Coupée Parish, Louisiana State University*, 1931.

Louisiana, such as Broussard's version or in any such cycle of tales. He does, however, appear in the role of Tom Thumb.

Jarreau's "Catafo" after 250 years of traditional transmission shows how a tale can keep its narrative vitality and its artistic freshness, and may even be improved. While Perrault's tale is a bona fide French folktale, yet it most certainly was not told by him verbatim from the folk. The tale would have been much more effective and even artistically more beautiful perhaps if he had not padded it with verbose asides and sententious locutions. What is objectionable is not his literary rendition in itself but the melodramatic stuffings and wadding he contributes to the tale.

The tale "Catafo" brings to our attention an outstanding collector of Louisiana-French folklore, Lafayette Jarreau. His fine collection, *Creole Folklore of Pointe Coupée Parish*, is more interesting than Fortier's *Louisiana Folk Tales*, 1895, because it is more broadly representative of the many types of folktales and was transcribed more accurately.

CATAFO³

The following tale was taken down from the telling of the tale by Anéus Guérin of Pointe Coupée Parish, Louisiana, in 1931. The original version from which this translation has been made is found in Lafayette Jarreau's "Creole Folklore of Pointe Coupée Parish," an unpublished Master's thesis submitted to the Louisiana State University in 1931.

Catafo was the eldest of three little brothers. They lived with their mother and father in a little cabin right by the woods. The family was poor and did not have enough to eat.

So one night the old wife told her husband to go lose the children far off into the woods from where they never would return. Catafo heard this and planned to fool his parents and save himself and his two little brothers. He filled his pocket with flour.

So it happened. The following morning the old man called his children early.

"Get up, children," called he. "Come walk into the woods with me."

Catafo and his two little brothers followed their father into the woods. He went far, far with them, and Catafo sowed the flour as they walked.

"Wait for me here," finally said the father, when he

³ We wish to thank the Louisiana State University Press for permission to reprint material from the late Dean James F. Broussard's *Louisiana Creole Dialect* and the Louisiana State University Librarian for permission to use material from Lafayette Jarreau's *Creole Folklore of Pointe Coupée Parish*.

thought he had gone far enough. "I shall meet you again later. I am going to go a little ways off there."

But the old man never returned. So Catafo took the trail of the flour and told his little brothers to follow him. They followed the trail until they got out of the woods. They reached the house not long after their father.

"Look! the children have come back," declared the old woman, all surprised. "You did not lead them off far enough. That's why they found the path to come back."

After he had gone to bed, Catafo heard his mother tell his father he had to go lose them again in the morning. So he got up softly and filled his pocket with grains of corn this time.

After they were on their way into the woods again the next morning, Catafo sowed these grains of corn all along the way. Finally their father told them to wait for him in a place where he thought the children were good and lost. And they were well lost, but Catafo intended to follow the trail of his grains of corn.

Catafo waited for the old man a little while, and when he saw he was not going to return, he told his little brothers to follow him, taking the trail of the corn. He followed it for half a mile, but after that he could not find another grain at all. The little birds had eaten the grain, and the boys were good and lost. Catafo did not know what to do. He decided on a direction to take, and he and the two little brothers left.

Night came upon them, and they were more lost than ever. The youngest began to weep, and this troubled Catafo all the more. He wanted to go on, but the youngest said he was tired and afraid in the dark. They continued a little way further, and Catafo saw a light far off in the woods. He showed this to his little brothers, and it gave them a little courage. Catafo made up his mind to go spend the night there. He went to knock at the door, and an old woman came out to talk with him. She was surprised to see children there at that hour. She asked them what they wanted.

"I want a place for us to sleep," answered Catafo. "We are lost and are hungry."

"I can do nothing for you all," explained she, "because my husband is a devil and will eat you all when he returns."

Catafo talked her into giving them food and a place to sleep. They slept in the same bed with the children of the Devil. When Devil returned, he smelled fresh meat.

"What's the fresh meat I smell here?" Devil asked his wife.

"It's the beef meat you brought here yesterday," explained she.

"Oh no! it smells better than that," replied Devil. "I won't believe that."

He lifted the mosquito-bar of the bed.

"Ah, three children!" exclaimed he. "Now I am going to have some supper! Let me go sharpen my knife to cut off their heads."

Devil went into the kitchen to fetch his butcher knife. Catafo heard this, and he woke up his little brothers.

"Get up!" he cried to them. "We must leave now."

They did not want to get up, but he made them get up any way. They went into the woods again. When Devil returned to the bedside, he did not notice well what he was doing. He seized his own three little children from there one at a time, cutting off their heads. It was his own children he killed. After he saw his mistake, he was angry to death. He looked for Catafo, but he had already left.

Devil got upon his big mule, Ti-Toup, and he took after them. Catafo was going fast, but Devil was gaining on them. One of the children heard him coming. The mule made six hundred steps at a time. Devil would shout:

"Six hundred steps, Ti-Toup! Six hundred steps, Ti-Toup!"

Catafo saw that they soon would be caught. So he and his two brothers climbed a tree. When Devil got there, he saw them in the tree and stopped.

"Now I will get you all!" called Devil. "I have a big sack under you, and if you look down, you'll fall into it."

"You can wait, if you want," called back Catafo, "but we'll never look down into your sack."

"I am not so sure about that," answered Devil.

Devil sat under the tree holding his sack open, as he looked up. He waited there a good little while. When he saw they would not look down, he got up and began to sing and dance. The youngest looked down and fell into the sack.

"That's one!" cried he, tying up the mouth of the sack.

A little while afterwards the second looked down below and fell down.

"That's two!" shouted Devil. "The third one isn't far off."

"Oh yes, he's far off," called down Catafo. "You can

sing and dance all night, but I myself will never look down below."

He never did look down either. Devil was getting tired. He told Catafo he would climb up after him if he did not come down.

"Climb if you will," replied Catafo.

Devil climbed the tree. When he was up there, Catafo jumped to the ground. He opened the sack, telling Devil that when he would look down, he would fall into the sack himself. So it happened. Devil looked down; and as he fell into the sack, Catafo tied its mouth, having let out his little brothers.

They took a stick and beat Devil until they killed him. They turned toward the house again, and Devil's wife was more than surprised to see them alive. Catafo related how they had killed Devil, and she was glad.

"I want you all to come live with me," said she. "I shall be very glad to have you all, because my husband killed my own children."

And that is how Catafo and his little brothers found a home to stay, with Devil's wife. They stayed there all their life, well satisfied.

TINY THUMBKIN ⁴

The following tale is a translation of "Le Petit Poucette" taken from James F. Broussard's *Louisiana Creole Dialect*, Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1942.

Once upon a time a long time ago there were a woodcutter and his wife who had seven little boys. The eldest was ten years old and the youngest was seven. They were very poor and had much worry in rearing their children. What saddened them most of all was that the youngest was so puny and very seldom talked. When he was born, he was no bigger than a thumb. So they called him Tiny Thumbkin. Poor Tiny Thumbkin was the pity of everybody. He was always in the wrong. Yet he was more clever than the other children. He did not talk but listened. A year came when there was a great highwater.⁵ Everyone was dying of hunger. Because of this the woodcutter decided to lose his children in the woods. His wife did not want to do this. But when she saw how poor they were, she agreed, throwing herself upon the bed to weep.

⁴ In Louisiana-French, "Tit Poucet," the "t" being sounded.

⁵ Broussard gives "la grand'eau," which is no doubt the Louisiana-French word for inundation or flood in Saint Martin's Parish. In Avoyelles Parish, La., the word is "eau haute," or "highwater."

Tiny Thumbkin, who had hidden under his father's chair, heard their conversation. So he got up early the next morning before everybody else and went toward the bayou bank where he filled his pockets with little white pebbles. He returned without being seen. That morning, they all left to go work in the woods. When they reached a spot where the trees grew so thick that they could not see far ahead, the woodcutter began to chop and the children picked up limbs. When their back was turned, the woodcutter and his wife quickly left, and the children found themselves alone in the deep woods. They began to cry. Tiny Thumbkin said nothing because he knew how to return home. While coming into the woods, he had dropped the little white pebbles along the way. Then he said to his brothers: "Don't be afraid. They left us here but I can take you back home."

The others followed him, and he led them back by the same way they had come. When they reached home, they could not enter. So they listened near the door to hear what their mother and father said. They heard their father say: "I have two dollars that the boss sent me. I'll buy plenty of food and for once we'll eat our bellies full."

When they had eaten so much they could hold no more, they thought of their children and tears came to their eyes. The wife cried: "Why did you do that? My poor children are starving to death. Perhaps the alligators are eating them up." She began to utter cries. She blamed her husband so much that he wanted to beat her. Yet she continued wailing: "Where are my little ones! Where are my little ones!"

Now the children who were leaning against the door heard her and cried out: "Here we are! Here we are!" They all entered the house, and the woodcutter and the mother were glad to see them again. They gave them lots to eat and they were all happy. But in a few days there was no more money and they were hungrier than ever before.

They had to lose the children again. This time the father said they had to take them further into the woods. Tiny Thumbkin was listening and he got up early again to go look for some more white pebbles. But when he tried to open the door, he found it locked. He thought and thought about what he would do. Their mother had given to each of the children a big piece of bread. Now Tiny Thumbkin had put his into his pocket. He decided to use the bread as he had the pebbles.

When they left Tiny Thumbkin took his piece of

bread and at each step he made he let fall a crumb to mark the way. When the woodcutter found a good spot to lose his children, he slipped off with his wife and the children found themselves alone in the middle of the woods. Tiny Thumbkin said nothing because he knew he would be able to return home as before. But when he called his brothers to follow him, he could not find a single piece of bread to show the way. The birds had eaten up all the crumbs.

They did not know what to do. The more they walked, the more they got lost. They were cold and hungry. The rain began to fall and they were wet to the bone. Then Tiny Thumbkin climbed a tree to see where they were. He saw a little light in the distance. When he came down, he led his brothers toward this light and they reached a house. They knocked at the door and a huge woman had them come in. She asked them what they wanted and Tiny Thumbkin answered that they had lost their way, were hungry and wanted sleep. When she saw all these pretty children, she felt sorry for them and said: "You do not know, but you are in the house of an ogre who eats children." Tiny Thumbkin replied: "You know very well that if we had stayed in the woods, the wolves would have eaten us up. I would as soon be eaten by an ogre as by wolves."

The ogre's wife, who thought she would hide them from her husband, invited the children in and gave them something to eat. When her husband entered, he asked for his supper and his wine. He was so hungry he made a great fuss. "I want my supper! I want my supper!" he cried. "I smell fresh meat! I smell fresh meat!" The children who were hiding trembled with fear.

Then the ogre got up and went toward the bed where the children were hidden. He took them from the bed and brought them by the fire. "Now I'll have a good supper," he exclaimed. "Give me my knife to cut off their heads."

The poor little children trembled in their skins. Then his wife said to him: "Why do you want to eat them at this hour? You have plenty of food. Wait till tomorrow."

"You are right," answered the ogre. "I'll eat them tomorrow, but you must give them a big supper. I don't want them to get thin." Now the woman gave them a big supper. She also gave her husband twelve bottles of wine to get him drunk.

The ogre had seven little daughters who were sleeping in a big bed. Each wore a crown upon her head.

The ogre's wife led the seven little boys to a bed right next to the little girls, putting a bonnet on each one. While everyone else was sleeping, Tiny Thumbkin got up and exchanged the crowns on the little girls for the bonnets upon the heads of his little brothers. Before daybreak the ogre went up with his butcher knife to cut the little boys' heads off. He entered the room and began to feel their heads. When he felt those with the bonnets, he took his knife and cut them off. The room was full of blood and he was glad. He went back to bed, thinking about the good dinner he would have that day.

When his wife got up, the ogre sent her to fetch the little boys. Himself, he laughed. But suddenly he heard his wife uttering cries: "What have you done! You killed my little daughters! My poor little daughters! You cut off their heads!"

The ogre quickly got up and climbed the stairs. When he saw what he had done and understood the trick Tiny Thumbkin had played on him, he got so angry fire flew out of his eyes.

"Give me my seven-league boots," he shouted to his wife. "I'll catch those little fellows! I'll cut them into bits and will roast them upon the fire."

He took his seven-league boots and began his chase over all the land. By nightfall he was so tired he sat under a tree to rest. Now all the little brothers were hiding in this tree and trembled with fright. But Tiny Thumbkin was not afraid. He was too clever. While the ogre was asleep, he took off his boots and put them on himself. He returned to the ogre's house and announced to his wife that robbers had caught her husband and they would kill him unless he gave them all his gold and silver. "That's why," he explained, "the ogre lent me his boots to fetch all his money."

The wife did not want her husband killed. So she gave Tiny Thumbkin all the ogre's fortune, a heap of gold and silver. Tiny Thumbkin put it all into his pockets. He returned to get his brothers and in a twinkling they all returned back home to their mother and father.

When the woodcutter saw his children arrive, he was very happy. When Tiny Thumbkin took from his pockets all the gold and silver he had, they all began to dance and sing. They were happier than ever before. The woodcutter exclaimed that he would never try to lose his children again.

S
th
S

I
in
O
re
b
b

fo
1
“
w

w
la
w
li
li
F
1
In
pr
a
er
H
ac
gr

st
af
at
le
fr

by
co
di

U

BOOK REVIEW

Seán Ó Súilleabháin: *A Handbook of Irish Folklore*. Published by the Educational Company of Ireland Ltd. for the Folklore of Ireland Society, 1942. Printed by John English & Co., Wexford.

This handbook, compiled by Mr. Ó Súilleabháin, Achivist to the Irish Folklore Commission, University College, Dublin, offers an interesting wealth of material. Its preface is written by Séamus Ó Duilearga, Honorary Director, Irish Folklore Commission, who recently visited the U. S. to lecture on folklore. No one could have been better fitted to do this work than Mr. Ó Súilleabháin who has been imbued from childhood with the rich folklore of Ireland.

An understanding of Irish folklore is of great importance to the folklorist. No civilized country has not felt its magic touch. Since 1800 there have been numerous collectors of Irish folklore. In 1889 "Leabhar Sgeulaigheachta," the first collection of folktales in Irish was published.

Like all small countries whose culture is sometimes threatened with extinction, Ireland has been very assiduous in preserving her language and folk tradition. In 1927 the Folklore of Ireland Society was formed to collect and publish material on a large scale, issuing likewise the journal, *Béaloidas*. In 1930 the Irish Government established the Irish Folklore Institute with the aid of the Rockefeller Foundation and the Carnegie Trust. The Institute collected over 100 MS. volumes of folklore. In 1935 the Government founded the Irish Folklore Commission (Coimisiún Béaloideas Eireann). The purpose of this commission is to collect, house, catalogue and form a reference library on the subject of folklore, with particular reference to Ireland, England and the Celtic-speaking countries. The *Handbook* outlines the methods of field workers in collecting and accomplishing this vast undertaking that is being carried on with great energy and enthusiasm.

The *Handbook*, which is not a theoretical work or historical study of folklore as other introductory handbooks are, is patterned after the questionnaire type approach method, which was prevalent at the end of the past century. A vast array of items for field collection and research are listed under some fifteen chapter headings from "Settlement and Dwelling" to "Popular Oral Literature."

In the latter chapter some 300 types of Irish folktales are listed by the Aarne-Thompson system of classification. This chapter also contains synopses of standard Irish folktales and a discussion of the different genres of Irish folklore.

Calvin Claudel

University of North Carolina.